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AGENTS.

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CHURCHES IN BOSTON.

Name.	Pastors.	Location.
UNITARIAN.		
First Church,	N. L. Frothingham	Chauncey Place.
Stated "	Chandler Robbins,	Hanover Street.
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Smith St. Church,	Sam'l K. Lothrop,	Bennet "
Bay North "	Francis Parkman,	Hanover "
New South "	Alexander Young,	Summer "
Hollis St. "	John Pierpont,	Hollis "
Federal St. "	W. E. Channing, E. S. Gannett.	Federal "
West "	Charles Lowell,	Lynde "
Twelfth Cong. "	Samuel Barrett,	Chambers "
Purchase St. "	George Ripley,	Purchase "
Sixth Cong. "	Mellish I. Motte,	Washington "
South Boston "	Lemuel Capen,	South Boston.
CALVINIST.		
Old South Church,	Sam'l H. Stearns,	Washington street.
Essex Street "	Nehemiah Adams,	Essex "
Park "	Joel H. Linsley,	Tremont "
Mariners' "	Daniel M. Lord,	Purchase "
Green Street "	William Jenks,	Green "
Bowdoin "	Hubbard Winslow,	Bowdoin "
Second Cong.	Joy H. Fairchild,	South Boston.
Salem Street "	Geo. W. Blagden,	Salem street.
Pine " "	Artemas Boies,	Washington "
Free "	——— ———,	Milk "
Olivet,	——— Rodgers,	Federal "
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Christ Church,	William Croswell,	Salem street.
Trinity "	J. M. Wainwright,	Summer "
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St Paul's "	Zachariah Mead,	Amory Hall.
Grace "	Asa Eaton,	Washington street.
City Mission Chap.		
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Second Baptist Ch.	Baron Stow,	Salem street.
Charles Street "	Daniel Sharp,	Charles "
Federal "	George B. Ide,	Federal "
First Baptist "	William Hague,	Hanover "
Baptist "	——— ———,	South Boston.
African Baptist "	——— ———,	Belknap street.
Christian Society,	Joshua V. Himes,	Summer "
METHODIST.		
First Method. Ch.	Daniel Fillemore,	North Bennet street
Second " "	John Lindsey,	Bromfield "
Third " "	Abel Stevens,	Piedmont "
Bethel "	E. T. Taylor.	North square.
African Chapel.	Sam'l Snowdon,	May street.
UNIVERSALIST.		
First Uni. Church.	Sebastian Streeter,	Hanover street.
Second " "	Hosea Ballou,	School "
Central " "	Paul Dean,	Bulfinch "
Universalist Soc.	Benj. Whittemore,	South Boston.
ROMAN CATHOLIC.		
Holy Cross Ch.	Bishop Fenwick, William Tyler, Michael Healey, John Curtyn,	Franklin street.
North Cath. Ch.	——— ———,	Pond street.
SWEDENBORGIAN.		
New Jerusalem Ch.	Thos Worcester,	Phillips Place.
FRIENDS.		
First Society,	——— ———,	Milton Place.

CARRIER'S ADDRESS
TO THE
PATRONS OF THE GALAXY.

Patron. The Carrier, hey! Get quickly from my sight!
In truth thou art a most audacious wight,
To dare my vengeance! Out with thee, I say!
Not one poor copper will I give to day.
Why, dost thou think my purse, sir, to extend
Like Worcester railroad?—that it has no end?
I have had Bootblacks, Dustmen, at my door,
Lamplighters, Watchmen, and a dozen more,
To tax my kindness—thou hast come too late;
Begone—or I may chance to break thy pate!
Carrier. But hear me sir. The right nail ever hit.
Mine's a true bill—and these are counterfeit.
Each honest practice wit thou ever find
Usurped by all the cunning of mankind.
So these have stolen the Carrier's ancient place,
And brought his New Year's hopes into disgrace.
List to my story—I'll convince thee soon,
That with the Bootblack and the Dustman gone,
Thou most wouldst miss the Carrier.
Pat. Well I'll hear.
Now plead thy cause, and make thy statement clear.
Car. 'Tis Sunday morning; 'gainst thy window pane,
Comes coldly pattering the chilly rain;
Thou sit'st before thy fire in lonesome mood,
With nought to cheer thy hated solitude.
What wilt thou do ere comes the pealing bell
Echoing al ng the air with solemn swell,
To bid thee haste to church! Thy breakfast's o'er,
And yet remains a weary hour or more.
Ha! now the servant enters—What is there,
That almost sheds around a dazzling glare?
'Galaxy, sir.' 'O bless that carrier boy!'
I hear thee say in thy awakened joy.
Now down thou sit'st—thine eyes are on the page,
And clever stories all thy thoughts engage:
Now thou dost read of *mobs respectable*;
And *gentlemen* with riot brimming full.
Now of the Marshal Pollard, as he sits
Upon his haunches and, in dreams, cries 'Quits,'
While lumber, stones and bricks fill up the street,
And ice upon the walks trips up the feet.
Now 'Drama' greets thine eyes; exertion lauded,
And racy acting ever well applauded;
But pompous strut by stern rebukings stayed;
Exposure meted to all *tricks of trade*.
Now, o'a fence around our beauteous Green,
A fit enclosure of so fair a scene,
Yet only *talked of!* Not a thing to be—
Left like most good deeds to posterity.
Here thou dost read of Aqueducts intended
To bring fresh water; and much cash expended
In plans and estimates. The Doctors say
To drink bad water wears the health away;
Yet sought is done—all went as smooth as silk—
But our fresh water proves to be *skim milk!*
And whilst thou'rt feasting on this varied news,
Wit thou the honest carrier abuse,
Who whether it be sunshine, rain or snow,
Or cold or hot—or though the fierce wind blow,
Still leaves it at thy door?
Pat. No, my good fellow—
See, here's a —— now to make thee mellow;
I did thee wrong to scold thee so before—
Come, talk away, I'll hear a little more.
Car. Old 'Thirty-five is dead—in state he lies—
I come to celebrate his obsequies.
He only staid till merry Christmas day
With all its jollity had passed away,
Then in a snow-bank covered up his head,
And kicked the bucket—so his course is sped.
He led a very quiet kind of life,
And not much time devoted he to strife.
What most perplexed him in his latter days,
Was the queer acts of his acquaintances.
He knew a certain chap called Justice Lynch,
A devil of a fellow *at a pinch!*
This man first took some gamblers in his claw,
And being choleric, despised the law,
Lest ere it ended there might be a *flaw*,
So quickly got a rope—a noose he tied,
And up he strung the gamblers side by side,
This conduct sadly went against the grain
Of Thirty-five—he knew 'twould leave a stain
On his fair character—and he'd declare it
Too bad by half—yet had to grin and bear it.
Then came another trouble: some brought up
The woolly heads, and swore they would not stop
Reining a rumpus and a hobbery,
Until the woolly heads were all made free.
The old man stormed—he told 'em they were wrong,
And they had better stop and hold their tongue.

GALAXY

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But no—they raised a most prodigious clatter,
And then Judge Lynch found out the awful matter,
And strung up every fellow, man or bit,
Who *looked* as though he had a nigger fit.
At this, old Thirty-five grew very sad
And sick—a shivering malady he had;
All through November he felt very cold,
And lost his flesh—he fast was growing old.
So he resolved that ere he would expire,
He'd kindle up a monstrous roaring fire,
He didn't care where, by which to end his days,
So soon he set all Gotham in a blaze!
O how it crackled! spreading far and wide!
The old man watched till it went out—then died!
Pat. A right good story—here's a —— more.
I'faith thou well hast told the matter o'er.
Next year, your just reward to you I'll mete,
And Boots and Dustmen kick into the street.

ORIGINAL NAUTICAL SKETCHES.

SKETCHES AT SEA. NO. I.

"Man overboard!—Man overboard!"

Bright shone the stars, and beautifully clear was the moonlight as I paced the deck, thinking of home and its thousand endearing associations. For hours our ship had lain like a log without the least motion, so still was the air, and so quiet the water. The few sailors that belonged to the watch, were forward, amusing one another with recitals of hair breadth 'scapes, while lounging on the bencoop near me, was Mr Spanker, a genuine son of the ocean, six feet in altitude, from the shores of Cape Cod. He was about thirty years of age, more than half of which he had passed on the water.—It was therefore, with considerable respect for his opinion, that, after peering at the sky awhile, and watching a mass of dark clouds collecting in the horizon, I heard him prognosticate that before morning it would *breeze up a sizzler*. The sequel proved that he was not much out of the way.

* * * *

The watch had changed. Mr Spanker was below, and the first mate, a fine gentlemanly fellow, was officer of the deck. We had been talking nearly a couple of hours; he spinning me some of the long yarns which he had learned in his forecastle days, when he was called off to superintend shortening sail, which had been rendered necessary by the freshening of the wind.

* * * *

Fresher and fresher the wind blew, and now we were bowling along with immense speed, every thing snug and closely reefed. It was a glorious sight to me, but to the officer, things wore a different aspect. He had now no taste for the stories, which, but a short half hour before, he was telling with such infinite glee. He seemed imbued with a presentiment of coming evil, and a gloominess was fast stealing over me, when we discovered a vessel to windward, steering directly for us. We had not seen a sail for two days, and, as any incident at sea is noted, this was watched with double interest. Running with the wind abeam, on, on she came apparently with lightning speed. Soon, she was within speaking distance, and the customary hail given; but so rapid was her speed, that it was with difficulty we could distinguish the last words of her answer—'Your family are all well!'—meaning our Captain's family—for as it happened, the strange craft was from his native town and her captain his intimate friend. It was glorious news for him, as he had not heard from home for many months, and when he last heard, a member of his family was dangerously ill. I went below.

* * * *

Strange! but I could not sleep. I went on deck again. The excitement of the hail, although it had lasted but a few minutes had partially dispelled the mate's gloom; but the wind continuing to freshen, we had no opportunity to resume our conversation—he was too much engaged in the affairs of the vessel. Though mild and pleasant in the evening, the air was now stinging cold, and my fearnaught coat refusing to keep me longer comfortable, I determined to go below again.

'Good night!' said I as I passed the mate, who stood gazing at the heavens as if he saw something supernatural.

He started as if from a trance, and looking at me for a moment, apparently to recollect himself, he answered, 'I wish I could say as much, sir, but I fear it will be tough before morning.' At this moment, a sea struck the vessel, and dashing over us, drenched me to the skin. I hurried below.

* * * * *

I had written my journal to this time, and was just throwing off my coat to turn in, when a bustle on deck, followed by a cry, that no one who has ever heard it can forget, arrested my attention. *'Man overboard!—man overboard!'* resounded from all parts of the ship, and by the time I had reached the deck, all of the crew and most of the passengers were there. In an instant, the helm was jammed hard down, the ship had rounded to, and was shivering in the wind—the deck was cleared of casks, spars, bencoops and every thing that would float, and orders were given to drop the boats. At the stern yet hung the life-buoy, for so frozen and stiff was the lashing that it was impossible to cast it off, and as is often, very often the case in an emergency, no knife was at hand.

All was confusion—all were giving orders—each endeavoring to do his best, but in reality effecting nothing. A dozen sprang to drop the quarter-boat, and in their hurry let go the bow tackle before the stern one was cast off; the man in her pitched overboard and the boat partly filled.

'Man overboard—man overboard!' was again reiterated, while at the same time a voice forward shouted *'Sharks! Sharks!'* If you wish a man overboard to drown, cry shark, and Father Neptune is sure of his prey. So it was in this case. The man was a good swimmer, had caught a rope that was thrown to him and in another minute would have been on deck; but no sooner did that horrid sound fall on his ear, and he discover a shark near him, than he let go his hold. In an instant the monster turned up his belly, and the water crimsoned around him. A piercing shriek told that a limb of the sufferer was gone; another—and the monster turning again, closed his jaw, and the sailor was no more. Poor fellow! He was one of the best of the crew, and an only son upon whom a widowed mother depended for sustenance.

* * * *

Thinking us fully able to take care of the lost man, Mr Spanker had gone in the boat with some of the people to look for the mate, for he it was that we had first lost. Strange that in a case of life and death, man forgets his hatred of his fellow man! Here were five men exerting all their energy to save the life of one whom they hated—for the mate was a rigid disciplinarian, and but the day before, the crew had almost sworn to take his life.

'Give way, men—give way,' exclaimed Mr Spanker; but just then discovering a black mass on the top of a wave, he instantly called out 'Way enough!'—but ere a stroke of the oars was lost, the object disappeared.—It was a shark, probably the same seen from the ship, who having gorged himself with blood, was playing on the surface.

* * * *

Shrill whistled the wind among the rigging, certain proof that the breeze continued to freshen. The boat had been gone for a considerable time, and the Captain giving up all hope of the mate's being found, ordered a light to be hoisted on the peak as a signal for her to return. It was unnecessary however, as at that moment she shot alongside.

'See nothing?' said the Captain.

'Nothing, Sir,' was the answer.

'Then gone then,' soliloquized one of the passengers.

'Ay, ay,' said a rough sailor at his elbow, who was blubbering like a child—'gone here enough. As fine a fellow as ever handled a rope, or sang Nancy Dawson; at any rate, he's no game for old Sir-and-Jiggers down below. He won't—'

'What's that? exclaimed one of the boat hands, as a flash of lightning discovered something afloat to windward.

'That infernal shark again!' said Spanker.

'No—there it is yet,' said the Captain, as another flash illuminated the heavens. 'Tell for it, Mr Mate, and if nothing more, you may perhaps save a hen-coop.'

* * * *

It proved to be indeed the hen-coop, and as the boat approached it, a bright phosphoric light in the water, shewed the hands something sinking near it.

'Give way men, for your lives,' said the officer, and bending to their oars, they sped like an arrow, and reached the coop just in time to see the mate as he again went down. With intense anxiety the sailors leaned over the boat to watch for the body if it should rise again. The luck was for them;—in a few moments bubbles rose to the surface—again the phosphoric light—and then the body—but beyond the reach of those in the boat, and sinking again when Mr Spanker plunged into the water, determined to rescue his comrade.—Down, down they went, and the seamen began to fear they would never return. Anon, however, a few bubbles appeared, and then came Spanker dragging up his heavy burden by the hair. With much difficulty they were taken on board, the mate apparently dead, and Mr Spanker completely exhausted.

* * * *

The ship was standing on her course, and the usual measures for the resuscitation of partially drowned persons put in practice, while the old sailor who had so bitterly bemoaned his loss, stood over the patient, chaffing his temples.

'I've sailed with him for four years, and swore I would stick by him till he was a captain,' said the old tar, and I've no notion of deserting him now. See, see, he begins to move—he opens his eyes—he speaks!' and with tears rolling down his cheeks, he capered about the deck for joy.

'Man overboard—man overboard!' was the first sound that the mate uttered—till gaining strength, he louder and louder shouted—'Sharks—sharks, oh the sharks!' until exhausted, he fell back senseless. He was insane. All that night, and the next day and night, he was in the same condition. The third day, however, he began to recover; he was then more rational. 'Leave me alone—why need you disturb me. I was dead, and why have you brought me to life?' were some of his incoherent ravings, and then muttering of *sharks*, again he would relapse into moody silence. In one of the fits, the Captain spoke to him, calling him by name.—The sound of the voice and the mention of his own name seemed to touch him. He looked up—espied the Captain, and stretching out his hand, burst into tears, and then cried like an infant. Reason had returned.

* * * *

The next day at table, the mate related the manner of his getting overboard. We give it in his own words.

'I had gone to leeward to look after something that floated by; when a heavy sea striking the ship, she made a powerful lurch and tossed me over. I caught the coop almost as soon as it struck the water, and was holding on, patiently awaiting the boat, when the cry of *Shark* pierced me like the stab of a knife. A minute after, I saw the sailor destroyed. After that I recollect nothing till I opened my eyes on deck, except that just as the boat reached me, I thought it a shark. The coop floated from under me, for I could hold on no longer—I sank. You know the rest.'

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*Phosphoric light in the water, is supposed to be the effect of minute animalcules. It abounds more particularly in the vicinity of the equator. A naval friend informed the author, that he had often known it in the darkest nights to be so powerful, as to enable him distinctly to discover the reef points (small pieces of rope) of the topsails and topgallantsails. The wake of the vessel resembled one continued sheet of fire.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SLIPS FROM THE RECTANGULAR CITY.—NO. V.

THE EASTERN PENITENTIARY.

This afternoon, friend Harrington, I accompanied an Italian friend on a visit to a young compatriot who is suffering under the penalty of our laws. Hard fate, methought, as we rode to Bush Hill;—a prisoner and an exile! The benevolent and intelligent warden of the Eastern Penitentiary, moved with pity for the youth and utter loneliness of the convict, had informed my friend of his incarceration, and requested his attendance as the young man could speak no other but his native tongue. He had been condemned for three years for stealing a watch, and three months only had as yet been stricken from the melancholy term.

I could not but admire the plan and aspect of the institution. It is built entirely of rough granite. From a circular and elevated centre building, several rows of cells radiate, two stories high; so that one standing at the central point commands a view of each corridor, stretching in beautiful perspective to the distance of three hundred and fifty feet. To each prisoner is assigned two cells;—one for sleeping and one for occupation during the day. By means of subterranean pipes water is conveyed to each apartment, and sufficient light admitted from above to render them cheerful.—The abundant and convenient supply of water is eminently conducive to the cleanliness of the rooms and their inmates. Formerly heat was admitted by means of furnaces, but in consequence of an accident by which a gaseous exhalation was evolved with the warm air, warmth is now imparted by means of heated water.—Nothing can exceed the appearance of order and comfort which these arrangements induce. If I mistake not, this plan of building was first proposed by Bentham; and with the exception of the new institution for the Insane at Montpelier, in France, this establishment in point of general excellence, is not surpassed on the Continent. You are aware that there exists a great difference of opinion among philanthropists in regard to the treatment of convicts; the Auburn and Penitentiary systems are ably advocated on both sides. Of the operation of the latter, the Eastern Penitentiary of this State, is an interesting example. It has been in operation more than five years. The average yearly mortality seldom exceeds one per cent. Re-commitments are comparatively rare; and the instances of successful and reputable standing in society being obtained by graduates from this moral college, if I may so speak, are by no means few. Cell No. 1, is the apothecary department. The first occupant was a physician convicted for forgery. After his release, he returned to the old scene of his labors and has since become one of the most successful practitioners in Lancaster county, Pa. The second inmate there learned the art of pharmacy and is now a partner in one of the highly respectable houses in the West. The prisoners are only visited by the stewards of the several galleries, who provide them with every necessary comfort, the master-workmen, in the several trades in which they are instructed, and occasionally by the warden, physician, and clergyman. The feeding process was going on during our visit; and I felt the wisdom of the quaint doctor's advice to his dyspeptic patient—to steal a horse; since thereby he would be introduced to a more palatable and excellent regimen than is often enjoyed when one's own will is unbridled, in these temporary times.

I gathered some interesting facts from Mr Wood, the Warden, who though long accustomed to the miseries of his vocation, is quite alive to every feeling of humanity and commiseration. One item struck me as quite important. I allude to the comparative small number of *married* men who enter the Penitentiary.—For example, of the *sixty-nine* prisoners recently removed from the Walnut street Prison to the Penitentiary, only *five* had ever been married. So true is it that public opinion—that mighty moral agent, operates upon the mass, chiefly through the domestic relations and so obvious is it, too, that our very virtue and self-respect, seem, by a wise and benovolent ordination, to be knit into the delicate, yet adamantine tissue of the affections! Yet if these bind us with a golden chain to duty, they gall like fetters of iron when we err.—This I realized in the cell of poor Andrea, the Italian youth. 'My father and mother will think I am dead!' he exclaimed, and burst into a passion of tears. His frame is of that strong, massy build characteristic of the peasantry of many districts of the South of Europe.—He was born in a village about fifty miles from Naples, which was nearly destroyed about a year since by fire. His family were left destitute. Rumor pictured America as a second El Dorado; and Andrea was furnished with a passport and a written appeal to the kind feelings of the good people of the New World. Thereupon, he left home and proceeded on foot to Marseilles and thence by the first vessel to New York. Some weeks after, a watch was missing from over the fireplace of a Pennsylvania farmer on the road between that city and Philadelphia. It was found upon the young pilgrim. He was arrested, tried, found guilty and condemned to three years confinement in the Eastern Penitentiary. He assured us that he *bought* the time-piece; but on the trial, evidence was strong against him. The poor fellow knows not a word of English. So ignorant was he of his fate, that he begged to know how long he was to stay there and desired to go out with us. He is progressing in the art of making shoes, so that he will in due time, be master of a reputable trade. Besides this, Mr Wood is devising a method of teaching him the language. Solitude is especially severe to an Italian, utterly ignorant though he be. We took our leave of the unfortunate prisoner with pity for his fate but with confidence that the kind treatment he was receiving would do every thing possible to mitigate his sufferings.

Yet he was only one of three hundred human beings cut off from society—consigned to the companionship of their own thoughts and shut out from the influence of nature and of common life. What a history does each one's experience involve! How variously do they meet their fate! There is the stubbornness of obstinate vice, the careless demeanor of reckless iniquity; there is the silent despair of the strong and the vague inanity of the weak; yes, and there are the yearnings of the loving, and the noble resolves of the repentant, the fond remembrances of the *led astray*. 'From the palace to the prison is but a single step,'—this is true in more than its literal sense. There is more than regal airiness and splendor in a free mind and glowing hopes; man lives in a palace of his own creation, where he breathes unchecked the air of heaven and *anticipates* gloriously; and the transit from such feelings to the restraint and ignominy of a prison is as great to the sensitive mind as that the monarch realises, when some fatal reverse hurls him from his throne to a dungeon. Happy they who can then regard the law as the Swiss patriot his tyrant's power, and in conscious rectitude, *feel* that

"It cannot take away the grace of life,
The comeliness of look which virtue gives,
He port erect with consciousness of truth,
Her rich attire of honorable deeds;
It cannot lay its hand on *these*,
No more than it can pluck his brightness from the sun,
Or with polluted finger, tarnish it."

Philadelphia, Dec. 24, 1835.

SELECTED ESSAYS.

[From the Cincinnati Buckeye.]

BORROWERS AND LENDERS.

A Domestic Homily.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

Charles Lamb!—if there be anything but poetry in that beautiful philosophy of olden time, which taught that we poor restless mortals were ever attended by genii of good and evil—spirits of power, though invisible—who shape our determinations, though we hear not their counsel—influence our actions, though we know not of their superintendence—lead us as by a bridle, though we feel not the rein—spirits, ever present, though ever unseen!——if there be any thing but poetry in all this—if it be not only a dream of the Athenian sage—do thou, worthy son of a hoary empire condescend to take upon thyself, now that thou art where the mortal flesh clogs not the immortal Essence, the mysterious governance of an humble aspirant after thy honors, and a warm admirer and just appreciater of thy peaceful and exemplary life.

Gentle Elia!—vouchsafe, that I may touch but the hem of thine intellectual garment.

Cousin Bridget!—and thou, good coz, sweet coz—But a second edition of thee is now stirring the delicious cream into my tea, and spreading the golden butter, in most generous layers, upon the well-browned toast that is to assist my homely cogitations this evening.

Charles Lamb——

It is a name I love to dwell upon, and cannot too much respect—for with it is associated whatever is amiable in human character, rich in the manly literature of a former age, and vigorous and delightful in style——

Charles Lamb——

He is an authority that I may more than once have occasion to refer to—for human nature, we are told, is much the same in all ages and all countries—which means, I suppose, that it is always human nature——

Charles Lamb, then, in one of his admirable 'Essays of Elia,' divides the human race into two species—videlicet, *those who borrow*, and *those who lend*. Here, after a quantity of wholesome disquision, he abandons the subject, and canters off in his usual way. With all deference to his superior knowledge and mature judgment, I think he should have carried the matter out—at least somewhat further than he did—and subdivided the *Borrowers* into two classes; namely—those who borrow with intention of making a return, and those who borrow without such an intention: that is, in plain magazine English, who have consciences, and those who have not.

For my part, I am altogether averse to the system of borrowing and lending, as it is pursued in many cases—by next door neighbors, for instance. My antipathies in this respect, are not the result of any selfish feeling. They are the growth of years—and some of my having known friendships destroyed, and whole families estranged, by the abuse on one part, of the courtesy observed on the other. It is the human nature of too many persons, to 'ride a free horse to death.' They have us thought themselves, of the inconvenience they may be occasioning; and if a hint be given, be it ever so broad, they cannot take it. You have uniformly treated them with politeness, and they have set you down as a first-rate friend—'a real good soul,' whom they cannot suppose capable of intending for their consideration, a casual remark, be it ever so applicable to them.——"What, my dear? do you think Mr. A. or Mrs. B. had any allusion to us? Not they, indeed! they are the best neighbors we ever had—the very best. Don't they lend us every thing we want? and always without grumbling? And doesn't Mr. A. always look grum when I repay them a little piece of butter, which I have borrowed? And doesn't Mrs. B. frequently tell me I needn't t' have sent myself to the trouble of returning that topsail of tea? They are dear good souls; and I am right sure they did n't mean what they said, for us.——Poor lady! if she had only thought enough to compare the flavor of the butter she returns, with that of what she borrows, she would soon perceive the reason of Mr. A.'s 'green looks.' And if she would only consider—but a truce to the foibles of Mrs. B.; it would be longer wonder that the lady does not wish her to return the occasional topsail which she is in the habit of borrowing.——There is no way to get clear of such people, but to treat them with a rudeness foreign to your nature; and then, presto! how soon your character shall fall under the supervision and white-washing of their tongues—and then, what a lashing you shall get—the scourgings given horse-thieves in former times, as recorded in our early annals, were trifles to it——Better were it, indeed, to be tarred and feathered at once, and ridden upon a rail.—Shade of Elia! preserve us from the ordeal of such a fire.

I once lived, for the period of three years, immediately opposite the dwelling of a good moral old lady, who had a large family of sons and daughters. They were pretty well to do in the world, but had an unconscionable admiration of the goods and chattels of their neighbors—at least, of their neighbors over the way. Apparently, nothing of their own was good enough for them to use—They had a very passion for borrowing—as some ladies have a passion for spinning street yarn—and others for shopping all day on twelve-and-a-half cents—they would be miserable without it—and others still, for puppies—Your wife had just such a passion, Mr. Hypercritic, when she married you.——As I was saying, my neighbors had a very passion for borrowing—and they chose to make me the victim of it—thus reversing the general rule, that we are the victims of our own passions.

Our goodly city had not so many paved streets in those days, as it hath now——I am getting gray, fair reader, and have three children around me—Let me see: I shall be twenty-seven next Michaelmas, when I hope to have four——The one we lived upon, was drier than the generality of our streets at that time—and consequently, was supposed to be capable of taking care of itself—and therefore, the road-menders had not made it a visit for several years; and verily do I speak truth when I declare, that from the good old lady's gate to our front door, there was worn a path something like eighteen inches broad, and ten deep!

Guide me, spirit of Elia!

'Runners were continually on foot, to borrow something or other; and had it not been that the children went without shoes whenever the weather permitted, I verily believe that the family, taken all together, would have worn out leather enough in their neighborly calls, to have supported one of the small shoe manufactories of those days.

Lowell, and such yankee places—which are only calculated to keep people idle, and make them lazy, by having machinery to do their work for them—had not then been thought of.

For the period of two whole years, as regularly as Tuesday and Friday mornings came——This was when the ground where the Court-street market-house now stands, was an open common, and that where Fly Market displays its big black letters, was still partly covered with its natural forest-growth of beech, hickory, and oak——Every week, as regularly as the two old market-days came, came a call for our market-basket. This did not inconvenience us much, as our market-time was earlier than theirs, by a couple of hours——thanks to my affection for sweet butter, and my admiration of the dewy, delightful descriptions of early morning, given by the old English poets—the laziest set of varlets, if you take glorious Jemmy Thompson as a sample, that ever lived.—At the end of two years, the basket was become so ragged that our neighbors would not carry it. They then procured one for themselves, and we purchased a new one.——I had a good-natured mother, and she had a fine brass kettle, which she used for boiling clothes. She had a very great dislike to having preserves done up in it, and never used it for that purpose herself. Good housewives tell us that preserves injure a brass clothes-kettle—and I have no doubt they are right. Nevertheless, so soon as crab-apples and quinces were in a state for preserving, the good lady over the way would send for the brass-kettle. Dear, good soul! she never considered that its owner might peradventure want to make use of it herself. The request was a matter of course, and away it went; and away went my patient mother, to do *her* crab-apples and quinces in an *iron* utensil, as was her wont to save her brass clothes-kettle! I always thought it a little *too* accommodating, to take good care of things for your neighbors to wear out.——Most genteel families have an umbrella or two about the house. Ours had one: but our good friends over the way were without such a convenience. They, however, were not the sufferers by this. If a shower came up in the evening, a little messenger was soon seen hastening across the street. What did this portend? Why—'Ma wants to borry your umbrel a little while, just to send Sammy after the cow. 'But will he be back soon, dear? Some of us talk of going tot he lecture this evening ——

We had no Lyceum, or Institute, or Legislative Club, in those days; but occasionally some scientific gentlemen—as Professor M., Dr. D., Mr. S., Dr. C., and the intelligent and gentlemanly proprietor himself—gave us a lecture at the Western Museum——

'Will Sammy surely be back soon?' 'Oh, le, yes! it's just a little piece!' and away goes the umbrella. The lecture hour is past, and Sammy has n't found the cow yet.——If it be a morning shower, 'Tommy wants the umbrel, to go to market;' or, 'Sarah wants it to take the children to school. 'Bella's been takin' calomel yesterday, and ma's afraid she'll get wet!'—An umbrella is a curious thing, certainly, to keep the *feet* of an invalid dry. But, *'de gustibus,'* &c.

In the space of the three years, two umbrellas were thus worn out: one-tenth part by ourselves, nine-tenths by our peaceable neighbors over the way—for peaceable they were, and kind-hearted too. The great fault was, they were disposed to be *too neighborly*—especially as the 'free horse' was always our house, and the 'rider' always theirs.

I take it, one of the severest tests to which a nervous man's good-nature can be subjected, is this: to find himself walking in a heavy shower, getting of course a thorough soaking, and on suddenly turning a corner, to meet his neighbor's children dry and comfortable under his umbrella!——During the three years of my life aforementioned, this exquisite pleasure was mine some dozen of times.

But it would extend this essay to too great a length, to detail half the ills to which I was heir during that time. It was quite a common occurrence for our good neighbors opposite to send over and have their pepper and spice ground in our coffee-mill. *Their own was new*—and they didn't like to to use it for such purposes!——And my experience is full of passages of this kind equally disagreeable. How much young hyson my good Margery has lent, and received hyson-skin in return—now much good, palatable Java, and received villainous Rio, that neither of us could drink without an effort, and the children made wry faces at—how many teacupfuls of the best vinegar, and received sour cider and water—how much sweet May butter, and received nauseating fish-grease——

But I have only room left, kind reader, to make you my bow, which I ought to have done at the beginning, and subscribe myself yours, till we meet again.

It is easy to distinguish those whose worldly wisdom consists of experience alone, and those who have added a careful investigation of the moral feelings with their progress in the philosophy of living; the former are impatient of opposition from the young—are dogmatical and uncharitable, while the latter seem to pity but not to censure the fond confidence, and often assurance, of youth which doubts the tomporising precepts of age. The former class do the rising generation little or no good, and in fact much harm—the latter find many willing listeners to their counsel, and win to right pursuits those who would otherwise follow their own erring judgments.—*Balt. Athenæum.*

Burton says 'Idleness is the cushion whereon the devil reposes.'

ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

[Having gathered a mass of interesting facts together, it is our purpose to give to our readers from time to time, a series of these tales to be entitled, "Sketches from Life." Although the old adage, "Truth is stranger than fiction," is in every body's mouth, yet few have confidence in it. The scenes which we shall place before the reader, will be such as have occurred within the limits of our own experience, or have been related to us, by eye witnesses thereof. We shall weave in no false characters,—no imaginary deeds to give a gay coloring to our stories—but present them as they actually happened. The first called "The Outpost at Monmouth," was told us by a hoary head, an eye witness of the scene. The hero of the sketch is still a resident of his native town in Massachusetts.]

THE OUTPOST AT MONMOUTH!

A Scene of the Revolution.

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

The incidents of the battle of Monmouth are, of course, familiar to every American reader. Every one will recall to mind the excruciating heat, which slew more victims than did the fierce tumult of contending armies, and the awful situation of those who were fighting the battles of their country. I will introduce the reader into the American camp on the day before the commencement of the contest. The army was dreadfully destitute, not only of clothing, but also of provisions. Straggling parties, in desperation, were scouring the country for 100 miles, but the devastation of war had reduced the face of nature to a comparative desert. But little could be obtained; and many a poor fellow was even compelled to chew his shoes for food—that he might extract from them a little nourishment to sustain his fainting body. But, there was no murmuring. The soldiers knew that Congress was doing for them, all that could be done. They knew that their country was poor—too poor to provide for them—and, nerved by a sense of bitter wrongs, they bore up against every deprivation with persevering energy.

At noon of the day mentioned, six men were lounging in a tent, pitched on the right of the main body. They were all evidently sad, for they conversed in monosyllables, and these were uttered only at intervals. They were clad in tattered uniforms, once of the same pattern, but now variegated with patches of various colors; while their emaciated countenances betrayed their acquaintance with biting want. At length one rose himself from his recumbent position, and casting a rueful glance around the tent, exclaimed,—

"Nothing to eat, Hobart—nothing! By heaven, it is too bad. Not a morsel have I put into my mouth since yesterday at noon."

"No," answered the one addressed, "there's nothing for you, unless you can make a dinner on the straw that forms our bed. There's the pot that we obtained from the farmer in the valley, but the deuce of any thing is there to boil in it."

"Well," said a third, joining in the conversation, "could we but live through to-day,"—

"What then?" asked the one called Hobart.

"Why, we shall have a pop at the Red Coats to-morrow; and may get a peep into their well-stocked tents, if fortune gives us the day."

"What will you do in that case?" issued from the mouth of a short man, who had put his face into the opening of the tent unseen—

"Oh, there's 'Tony Fletcher!—'Tony Fletcher!'"—resounded on all sides, and the soldiers started up as if invigorated with new life, and rushed towards the new comer. They eagerly shook hands with him, and literally dragged him into the tent; while question after question was propounded to him with a volubility ill agreeing with the previous lassitude of the group. He said nothing, but throwing down a bag which he had on his shoulder, he seated himself upon it and then exclaimed—

"Keep your distance, or I'll make mince-meat of you! Why, I've only one tongue and one pair of ears! Silence in the ranks! One at a time and it'll last the longer! What do you think I'm made of? Take pity on me and don't all talk at once."

Anthony Fletcher, or as he was denominated 'Tony, was the life of his company. Always pleasant, always striving to make others so, he had gained the love of all his comrades. Not one was there but would almost have died for him. The appearance of his short figure and round face was ever the signal for mirth and jollity to begin, no matter when or where. 'Tony—they loved him as a brother. And yet he often plagued them sorely. He was full of all manner of tricks; and often in the middle of the night, has he set his fellows in a roar at some of his fun; put off upon some unsuspecting sufferer. 'Tony cared not much for discipline—a thousand times had he been reprimanded—and as many times did he deserve severer punishment—but not an officer was there, who could find it in his heart to inflict it on him; for so merry a smile would he wear, or so comical a gravity would robe his face, that all anger would soon be dissipated; and so he went on, the happiest hearted fellow in the world.

There was one thing 'Tony loved better than any thing else, and that was his gun. He would have given up his life sooner than have parted with that. It was his inseparable companion—his dearest friend. It had proved itself a staunch friend in many an emergency. 'Tony often would go alone and soliloquise his gun. He would talk to it as to a living thing. You may call his affection for it a weakness if you will; it was better to have given his heart to that, than to have wasted his love on some human creature, who might not have proved half so true to him.—Such was little 'Tony Fletcher.

"Well, Tony, what have you in that bag," asked Hobart.

"It is as hot as they tell us a certain place is;" said Tony evading the question; "and if we've got to fight tomorrow under such a sun as this,"—

"But what have you got in that bag, Tony?" repeated Hobart.

"Are you hungry, Hobart?" asked Tony.

"Hungry! I could eat that pot there!"

"No need of it, Hobart—no need of it! Good fellows, I've found a way to furnish you with something to eat!"

The hungry men crowded round him at this announcement, with sudden joy depicted in their countenances. Tony looked each one in the face in turn, with unchanging gravity, and then slowly said—"Yes, I'm resolved! We will have it! Boys, I've got for you a calf's head! we'll have it baked!"

"A calf's head!

ingredients were mixed for a pudding, and the pot boiled merrily. The question then was for a bag. What should they do for a bag!

When did Tony's wit fail him? 'I'll find a bag,' he exclaimed—'I'll find a bag!'—and he stripped off his coat, and tore off one of his shirt sleeves; then taking a needle and thread from a corner of his knapsack, he quickly sewed up one end.

'Now for it! Hand on the pudding!'

The pudding was crowded into the sleeve, now metamorphosed into a bag, and when it was filled, Tony with his needle closed up the open end. But how to boil it? The pot was small, and the pudding of a very unruly shape—looking, as Tony expressed it, like an overgrown sausage. This evil was soon remedied.—One hero threw one end into the pot, and all waited with commendable patience until it had boiled. When this was accomplished, Tony reversed it, and they began their dinner on one end while the other was boiling.

Their meal was soon finished—for starving men make little delay, when they have before them the wherewithal to satisfy the cravings of hunger,and all sat down in the tent to speculate upon the battle of the coming day—for it had now become evident that the Generals on both sides had resolved on an encounter, and that the morning sun would smile on blood and carnage.—Not long, however, were our heroes permitted to indulge in the interesting conversation. On a sudden, the roll was called. All started, and seized their arms, with the greater alacrity, because the mustering was unexpected, and they were desirous to ascertain the cause. Tony shouldered his beloved musket, gave its shining barrel two or three admiring glances, and sallied forth with the rest. An order had been issued from head quarters, to the colonel of the regiment, to which our soldiers belonged, to detail two companies on a particular service, under the command of Capt —. In a few moments, the tents were struck, and the companies formed, and with a drum and fife, they took up the line of march. The object of the expedition was as yet, unknown to any one except the commanding officer, and in silence the small band pursued its way; now through a valley—now round the base of a little hill, now along the borders of a wood. They were halted in the middle of a narrow plain at about two miles distance from the army. On their right, was a bog,half a mile in width, partly flanking the main body. On their left, a broad and dense forest stretched forward as far as the eye could reach; and before them lay the plain, almost a perfect level, and unbroken by fences or obstructions of any description. The order was immediately given to pitch the tents. This duty was soon performed, and at the sound of the drum the soldiers again assembled. They were formed into a hollow square, and their officer thus addressed them.

'Soldiers—From the preparations that have been made you cannot many of you be ignorant of the nature of the service which is imposed on you. The regiment to which you are attached has ever shown itself obedient to orders and valorous in action, and I hesitate not to tell brave men like you, that our position is one of great danger, and requires coolness and unceasing vigilance. We form the most important outpost of the army; and upon each individual is placed a weight of trust which must nerve his courage and call forth the exercise of his best judgment. Be prompt, be steady, be obedient; and let this inspire you, that the General in communicating the order to occupy this post, was pleased to commend you in the warmest terms, and expressed a hope,that the vigor and love of country which have heretofore distinguished you, will signalize your conduct in the approaching contest.'

Sentinels were placed, and as the sun was now below the hills, the remainder of the soldiers retired for the night, to obtain that repose which was necessary to prepare them to sustain the fatigue of the following day. Tony and his comrades took up the thread of conversation where it had been broken off at noon—and continued their surmises and hopes and fears. Many regrets were expressed that they were not permitted to be present in the heat of the battle—for brave men hate to lurk in corners, and love the excitement and stir of the open fight. Tony was as facetious as usual.—Nothing seemed capable of diminishing his fund of good humor, or of reducing his ever-sparkling flow of spirits. He drove from the minds of all around him every gloomy foreboding. By magic influence he transmuted the frown into a laugh, and when 'Good night! had been passed round,Hobart ejaculated with earnestness, 'What should we do without Tony!

Morning broke over our little encampment and roused its sleeping inmates; and, after they had partaken of a slight breakfast, (they had but little to eat,) they were mustered before the tents. Their commander addressed them with more energy than the night before, and inspired them with somewhat of enthusiasm; and after warning them to be at their post at the tap of the drum, he dismissed them. An hour or two they lounged about, conversing one with another, and now and then listening intently that they might hear the first booming report proclaim the commencement of the battle. They waited for some time in vain; but at last a faint sound of musketry was heard in the far distance. It was followed at intervals by another, and another! And then the roar of the wide-mouthed cannon came to their anxious ears. Their solicitude at this juncture may be better conceived than expressed. Debarred from any participation in the fight; unable even to see its progress, yet conscious how much was depending on it—perhaps the salvation of their beloved country—they almost sickened with the conflict of their feelings. The clamor of warfare now grew louder and louder. The sharp report of musketry was mingled with the thunder of artillery—sometimes a distinct shout was heard, and conjecture only could decide, in the awful crisis, from which party it came. Volumes of smoke rolled up from the scene, and spreading over the sky, made the beams of the scorching sun pale and sickly. At times a horse, without a rider, would be seen, with mane erect in the extremity of his fear, galloping away across the fields. Sometimes a silence would intervene—creating the supposition in our military outpost, that all was over; but again would the angry cannon send forth its stunning voice; and again would begin the dreadful outcry of war.

Thus it continued until afternoon. The heat had become almost intolerable. The soldiers were now weary with watching, and dispirited at their situation. They no longer heeded the distant sounds, and even Tony's humor could not enliven them. The commander went among them and tried to excite their spirits, but in vain. They yielded themselves wholly to gloomy despair.

At this moment, the foremost sentinel cried out, and pointed with his finger over the plain; and a corps of dragoons were plainly seen riding furiously towards them. The drum was tapped—there needed no second signal; and the ranks were formed. The commander walked up and down in front, cheering and encouraging his men with every incentive. The dragoons rode on until they came within musket shot, and then reined in their horses; and an infantry soldier slid down from behind each one and formed in front.

It is not in the heat of battle that a soldier feels afraid. It is before the fight begins; when all is ready,—the enemy in front—the musket loaded—the word about to be given—it is then that the heart palpitates with fear. The silence is awful. Reason almost gives way beneath the terrible sensations of the moment. But when the volley flashes along the dazzling lines—and perchance, a comrade, pierced by the murderous ball falls lifeless on the earth,—strength nerves the arm, determination fills the mind, and all wavering and uncertainty are forgotten.

Tony was in the front rank. He was a brave fellow and was never known to flinch from an enemy; and he stood now, in the breathless silence, with his eye on the distant enemy, and his dear musket in his hand. There were a few moments of agonizing suspense—and then the report was heard—and one poor fellow was dead in the little band. But Tony—he felt worse than though he had been half killed himself—for a ball had struck the small part of the breech of his gun and crushed it off, and only a splinter remained. Tony held it out; he did not consider that perhaps it had saved his life; he only grieved for his loved weapon. Anger flashed in his eye, his cheek grew pale, and his teeth were set. He was not often heard to swear, but now he could not contain himself. He doubled his fist, and shaking it at the enemy, he exclaimed—

"I'll pay 'em for this, by —— !

No sooner had the enemy fired, than they oponed, and the dragoons spurred their horses to the charge. The Americans waited until half the former distance between the parties was passed over, and then discharged at them a well directed fire, which brought down several from the backs of their proud chargers. They were then formed in treble ranks to received the onset, presenting a formidable array of bristling bayonets. Tony, however, did not fire, nor did he kneel with his rank, but stood in the midst, grasping the splinter of his gun, with his eye steadily fixed on the approaching foe. On came the dragoons, thundering along, closer and closer! The little band remained firm and motionless! A huge coal black horse was opposite to Tony. The troop were within a short distance, when he fired, and a horseman was precipitated to the ground; then he knelt down and stationed himself for the encounter. They closed! men and horses were mingled in bloody strife! Then were there yells of madness, and groans and shouts! Tony had his revenge. He thrust his bayonet deep into the breast of the noble horse as he came on, and the creature fell, crushing his rider beneath him! For a time, the issue of the conflict was doubtful; but, at length, the few dragoons who were unhurt, fled from the scene of their discomfiture, and the infantry who were advancing, turned with them, not daring to venture an attack.

The breathless, exhausted Americans, when it was evident that the onset would not be renewed, assembled at the sound of the drum for a painful, sorrowing purpose—that the living might be distinguished from the dead!

It is a sad moment, after the excitement of battle, when the survivors stand in solemn silence, and the roll is called! It is not known who have fallen—who are yet alive. Some have been seen to die,—but to hear those familiar sounds uttered for the last time, which have been repeated every day—to know that companions in toil and danger—true-hearted friends, have become like the cold clods of the valley—that sympathies have been broken—friendship destroyed—the cords of brotherly love snapped asunder—this unmans even the stern heart of the soldier, though he may often have strode over fields of blood and death!

So was it here. Many were gone, who before the fight, stood on their post proud in strength and the warm gush of life. Their places were empty; and as their names were called, twice slowly repeated, according to military rules, and no answered was returned, the veterans looked with stern sadness into each other's faces, and almost sunk down with the dreadful intensity of their feelings. At last came—"Anthony Fletcher;" and no sound broke the stillness. Every soldier involuntarily started, and his eye coursed in an instant up and down the ranks. No Tony was there! "Anthony Fletcher," was heard again! The happy, loved comrade was gone!

Twelve brave Americans had departed in that fierce struggle; but of all, the one most remembered was Tony. They searched among the bodies for him, that they might bury him with more carefulness than is usually awarded to him who dies upon the field. But no Tony could be found! Conjecture was busy in accounting for his absence. He could not have been taken prisoner, for when the dragoons retreated, many were ready to swear that they had no American with them. No.—It was probable that he lay somewhere along the border of the forest—cold as the earth which was his bed!

The dead were deposited in one shallow grave, a little earth placed over them, and then the survivors returned to their tents. They sat down in knots, discoursing of those who would never again join them in fellowship; telling of their good deeds, and soothing their grief by thoughts of their honesty, their bravery, their love of country; but when the name of Tony Fletcher was repeated, all wept; and many, with a bitter heartfelt sigh, ejaculated, "Poor Tony!"

They sank to rest. Repose was dear to their weary limbs and they slept soundly. In the middle of the night, many were disturbed by a tickling in their ears, and others had their noses soundly tweaked. Some were pricked by a pin, and again others had their blankets stolen. They could not conceive what the deuce was the matter. But one thing was certain—they could sleep no longer. One by one they came out from their tents, and sat down on the rough benches before them; a goodly number was soon assembled. After a while, a figure stole out from between the tents. It was flaming red, and waved its arms wildly in the air—"A ghost!" "a ghost," cried some, and down they went on their marrow bones to pray. Others looked in surprized at the strange intruder. It came nearer and walked slowly up and down before them. They caught a glimpse of its countenance. It was the face of Tony Fletcher! A loud laugh, in Tony's peculiar tones, convinced them that it was he himself in his own flesh and blood. They gathered round him, and then a shout of joy burst from them, that made the welkin ring!

Tony had on a grenadier's red coat, which, having probably been the covering of a man full six feet high, and Tony standing only five feet four in his shoes, hung rather loosely on his shoulders; and with its tail dragging on the ground, made him look in the dim light like some stray bird strutting round. Tony soon related how he came by it. He had engaged in combat with an unhorsed dragoon who played about him with his sword rather unpleasantly. Tony was armed with the like weapon, and being considerably dexterous in its use, contrived to defend himself; and, at length, to make a peep-hole through his opponent's body. On looking round him, he found that he had got into the midst of the bog, at a distance from his party. To have returned would have exposed him to a shot from the British red coats, who were a great deal nearer to him than he felt to be altogether convenient. Something must be done, for he was in a most delicate position. So he went carefully through the bushes, intending to make a circle round the infantry, and thus reach his friends. The coming night favored him. But how to cross the plain! There was the rub! His dress would betray him to some straggling British almost immediately! He was in somewhat of a quandary; but in the midst of his doubt, he came upon a wounded grenadier lying beneath a small tree. Danger removes ceremony and Tony quickly stripped off his red coat, and covered him with his own. Holding up the tails of his new uniform, Tony skulked along, keeping clear of every one he saw, and reached the camp about midnight. The tweaks and ticklings were accounted for.

The outpost at Monmouth was true to its duty; and received the highest encomiums; but nothing more delighted the souls of the brave men who composed it, than that they could look again upon the living features of Tony Fletcher.

☞ Many of our exchanges will not receive another number of the Galaxy; a wish to economise obliges us to forego the pleasure of their farther acquaintance. To those publishers, however, who have laid us under obligations by copying our prospectus, we shall keep good faith,and continue to send the paper.

[The following matter was received from Mr Neal last week, too late for insertion. We have a few articles by him still remaining which we shall insert soon.]

MRS SARAH J. HALE.

This estimable woman appears to be not altogether satisfied with a late criticism of ours upon the language employed in her book for children. We are sorry for it—because we happen to be in the right! She says in a note we are half inclined to publish entire, though not intended for publication—"You object to the language in the *Rail-road* story. Now sir, read that story to your own little boy, (This very thing we did, before we wrote the criticism objected to!—and we have now repeated it—gone home for the very purpose, and repeated it!—and the result is, after much questioning, that 'my little boy supposes that Walter *slammed the door and made a great noise!* when he came in,) and see if he does not comprehend that when Walter Strong came '*rushing* into the door,' he came in a very great hurry, that is, running as fast as he could, and *striving* to run faster (why *striving*—*trying* would be better). And see too if your boy is not pleased with the comparison about the mice. That I considered very intensely. I wished to give a comparison which *all* my readers would understand. Had I named *lambs*, instead of mice, my city readers would not have understood me, for not one in ten ever saw a lamb, or heard much about them (The more's the pity!); but mice live in the city as well as in the country (Yes—better). And then the *ease* of mice is much better compared with an apple, than that of lambs would be.'——Too serious by half! Mrs Hale misunderstands our remark—the word *skipping* is not familiar enough, nor *characteristic* enough. Our boy, when referred to, thought *skipping* meant *rolling!*—We mentioned *lambs* in spirit alluding to the Scripture, where mountains are represented as *skipping* like young lambs. But for this—and of the two—mice were better than lambs for a comparison. But sometimes Mrs Hale—'I think, sir, you have never written for children."—So!—Mrs Hale doesn't read the New-England Galaxy—or only so much of it, as concerns herself and her own publications! 'If you had,' she continues, 'you would, I am certain, have different views on the subject of language. Children can comprehend a *proper*' (Yes)'and even a *hard* word' (Very true—if *characteristic* and in familiar use) 'as well as a simple or vulgar one, if they hear the former usually applied to objects. Let ideas be clearly expressed, and all illustrations introduced drawn from familiar objects, and there will no danger of being misunderstood by children,' (Our doctrines to a T!)—'though the language be *the same we would employ to an adult*,' (No—there we disagree—the language must be suited not only to the subject but to the *hearer*.) 'And I think it of great importance,' continues Mrs H. 'that children should be accustomed to use *pure and polished language*.' (Pure, simple and expressive language rather. In what is called *polished* language, people say *strive* for *try*, *rush* for *run*—*perfume* or *odor* for *scent* or *smell*, &c. &c.) 'How very difficult it is for the man to correct entirely the vulgarisms in pronunciation and grammar, in which as a child he was allowed, perhaps instructed.—Am I not right?'——Yes, most assuredly, in this part of your argument. But the question still is, what constitutes a *vulgarism*. There we differ. Fine language on every-day occasions we regard as the worst kind of vulgarity—*affectation*. We have no patience with a human creature who says—I was *inhaling* the *perfume* of flowers—or *bathing* my face.——But enough. We have the highest opinion of Mrs Sarah J. Hale, and it is for that reason—when just about leaving the stage—we stop to make our best bow to her, and to hold up a finger at her, in the way of admonition.

P. S. In the *Traits of American Life*, by Mrs Hale, just published by E. L. Carey & A. Hart, Philadelphia—we see nothing of the sort complained of in the Stories for Children. The subjects are well treated, and in language worthy of all praise. We recommend the book with earnestness. N.

STOP THIEF!

In the last New England Galaxy—a paper published, we believe, somewhere about Boston, there is an extract from the Cincinnati Buckeye, entitled *Western Scenery*, and purporting to be 'an extract from a poem delivered, before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Cambridge, Sept 27, 1835. *By the Rev Ephraim Peabody*'—whereis may be found the following passage.

'Upon the topmost crag splintered and bare,
Its angles glittering in the morning's glare,
With an unsteady wing,
And naked talons balancing,
An Eagle sat and screamed t' the silence; till
And wood and silent cloud, echoed his accents shrill.

And a very fine passage it is too,and not much the worse for being stolen piece-meal—by the Reverend Gentleman—embellished with a few touches of original nonsence—and after being recited before the *Literati of New England*, with impunity—*published* in the Far West, with impunity—and republished in Boston for original!—*with impunity!*

The original reads thus—and may be found, if we recollect rightly,in a Poem published some twenty years ago, by a native New-Englander, and called '*The Battle of Niagara*.' For the author, whoever he may be, we put in a claim of property.

'There's a fierce gray BIRD with a sharpened beak,
With an angry eye and a startling shrick,
That nurses her brood where the cliff-flowers blow,
On the precipice-top—in perpetual snow,
Where the fountains are mute or in secrecy flow;
That sits where the air is shrill and bleak,
On the *splintered* point of a shiverod peak,
Where the weeds lie close, and the grass sings sharp,
To a comfortless tune, like a wintry harp.
Bald-headed and stripped! like a Vulture torn
In wind and strife! with her feathers worn,
And ruffled and stained, while, scattering, bright,
Round her serpent neck which is writhing and bare,
Runs a crimson collar of glittering hair,
Like the crest of a warrior thinned in the fight,
And shorn and bristling. *See her! where*
She sits in the glow of the sun-bright air!
With wing half-poised, and talons bleeding,
And kindling eye, as if her prey
Had suddenly been snatched away,
While she was tearing it and feeding!
* * * *
Above that dark torrent—above the bright stream—
The gay ruddy fount with the changable gleam,
Where the lustre of Heaven eternally plays,
The voice may be heard
Of the Thunderer's Bird
Calling out to her God in a clear wild scream,
As she mounts to his throne and unfold in his beams,
While her young are laid out in his rich red blaze,
And their winglets are fledged in his hottest rays.
* * * *
That Eagle, whose spirit each morning renews,
As her God through unquenchable light she pursues,
And tosses her plumes to the trumpet acclaim,
To the rushing of wings and the screaming of praise,
That her starry-eyed surelings in exstacy raise,
As they mount with their bosoms all bare in the blaze
Of their idol whose temple is curtained with flame.
&c. &c. &c.

But why complain of these things? They are of every day occurrence. The whole poem—yea, every work of the same author might be republished tomorrow, under a different title—by almost any Reverend gentleman of our country, who chose to call it his own—and we dare say the good-natured public would be delighted with it—as they are said to be with the Rev Mr Peabody's poem. N.

THE EASTERN ARGUS—we are told—denies all connexion with Mr Francis Ormond Jonathan Smith, &c. &c. We are glad to hear it—whether true or false. There may be some hope of both—now. N.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE ESSEX AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY: Vol. II. No. 2. Salem Gazette Press. Full of important facts, which our Agricultural friends ought to be acquainted with. It would save them a deal of money in the course of a moderate life. The compilation from *Bancroft's Philosophy of Permanent Colors* is of great value. N.

BLACKWOOD: for September. Foster's republication. A capital number, worthy of Blackwood in the day of its palmy strength and splendor—when we ourselves were bending a forlorn hope with the great Northern meteor freezing and streaming before us. After all there is no paper to be named with Blackwood. Its faults are huge and at times almost unforgivable; but then its beauties are in equal, nay in surpassing proportion, and, after all, as we have said before—Blackwood for our money! N.

LONDON QUARTERLY: Foster's republication. Passing over every thing else—there is one paper on English Democracy, worth of itself a whole year's subscription to the work, for any body—any body we mean who pretends to speak English, or to care for English. The Review of N. P. Willis—though savage enough, appears to us rather nigher the truth than most of which we are either for or against him. The remainder—barring what is said of British travellers in America, is very fair—that as usual—not so fair. N.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW: XXII. Foster's republication. There is not a work in the world of more sterling value, for such a people as we are—' inquisitive, adventurous and imitative'—than the Westminster Review. We are glad to see it, in common with the other great European Quarterlies, so warmly encouraged. N.

LA REVUE FRANÇAISE. We were mistaken—or rather misinformed. There are many subscribers to this work in Portland—and there are agents too (Colman & Chisholm) whose names *ought to appear on the cover*. Young, active and faithful, they have done, and are now doing their duty, and we regret having said which might imply a charge of neglect. N.

NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1836.

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY.

THE GALAXY has been published eighteen years.—The Nineteenth Volume will commence with the coming year and be conducted by

HENRY F. HARRINGTON,
Assisted by several popular and well known authors.

The columns of the paper will be mostly filled with
STERLING ORIGINAL ARTICLES:
Of which Tales, Poetry and Essays,—Notices of New Publications, and of the Times—Sketches of Foreign and Domestic Character and Scenery—Biographical Notices of eminent Individuals, and Letters from Correspondents, etc, will form prominent features.

The Publishers will endeavor as far as practicable to support American Literature and Character—to sustain a manly and unyielding criticism on Literature, Men and Manners and the Drama, without regard to friends or foes—to exercise a surveillance over all matters of local interest by exposing all nuisances and abuse to the public weal, and to handle Quackery under its various garbs, without gloves. This course, a rapid and continued accession of subscribers has already proved eminently popular and successful, the Galaxy promising soon to possess a larger list, than any weekly paper in this state. Determined therefore, still more to merit support and in furtherance, of a promise that the paper should increase in literary merit as it gained in public favor, the Publishers have engaged correspondents in several parts of our own country and in Europe.

In addition to which they offer Prizes—

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

As follows—FIFTY DOLLARS for the best, and TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the second best TALE and TWENTY-FIVE for the best POEM. The subjects and length of the several articles to be at the option of the competitors.—Manuscripts can be directed to the Editor of the Galaxy, *post paid*, to June 1st, 1836, and the award will be made by a literary committee during the month following. The address of the writer should be enclosed in a sealed note marked 'Name,'and the direction of the successful authors *only* will be opened. All the manuscripts to be at the disposal of the publishers of the Galaxy.

TERMS. The Galaxy is published every Saturday at THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. Postmasters or others forwarding twelve dollars shall receive Five papers or a reasonable commission.

CONDON & CO.
32 Congress street, Boston.

November the 7th, 1835.

☞To Editors of papers in the *New England States*, who copy the above, and occasionally our notice of Contents, we promise an exchange for one year, provided always that the Galaxy shall not be put on a reading-room file. We would not exact this, were it not that our exchange list is already a heavy tax, and the advantage wholly on the side of our country brethren.

OUR PROSPECTS!

Reader,—Patron,—We come to you with a new face, but the same heart; and that we may jog on together in brotherly love, let us have your hand and good wishes—no lukewarm shake—no half uttered word of encouragement; but a rough, honest, hearty grasp—and a generous expression of feeling, and we will remember it; and will make it a beacon light in our path.

Since our connection with the Galaxy, we have been successful, far—far beyond our expectations. It is true we have exerted ourself to our duty—have endeavored to satisfy those who had a right to our best efforts. Yet not only has our sky been constantly unclouded, but brightness has accompanied us on our way; and it has nerved us to new determinations, and has made us resolve to put our shoulder more firmly than ever to the wheel.

We have taken a resolute course. We have surrendered the duty incumbent on us to expose error neither to fear nor bribery. We have, we hope, a true estimate of the trust—the almost sacred trust that is imposed on the conductors of the ptess; and resolved never to violate it, we shall pursue the same course which we have heretofore marked out for ourself. Having ever before us, as the motto to guide our conduct, "Willing to praise, but not afraid to blame."

So far, the public has supported us. A constantly and rapidly increasing subscription list has been our reward. We shall labor still to deserve it. Heretofore we have been assisted in our duties by a senior Editor,—but as Mr. Neal's engagement with the paper expired with the year, and we were promised the constant and valuable aid of several friends—moreover, as our established and contemplated correspondence with various gentlemen in different parts of the country made our Editorial responsibleness lighter, we resolved to "tempt the way alone."

We do not wish to make promises. We had rather be judged of by the contents of our sheet than any thing else; but the patrons of the Galaxy may be assured, that constant improvement in every department shall be our aim.

We bid to all then "A happy new year." Good seed time and harvest to our honest farmers—Good business to our merchants, and success to all men in their various avocations. We love good-nature, and therefore may merry hearts abound! and no one to whom this comes greeting, have cause to repent that upon him has dawned the sun of thirty-six!

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

As our Legislature is soon to assemble, and some farther and decisive action may be taken upon our improve lawe, we the opportunity to make a few suggestions respecting Capital Punishment. The subject was debated at the last session, but nothing definite was determined upon it. All seem to perceive the necessity of a change in the law, but know not what to propose.

The course pursued by the Governor and Council, in extending Executive clemency to Wade convicted of arson under what we should call aggravated circumstances, and the conviction of Russell and Crockett, at the late term of the Supreme Court for the same offence, bring the subject forcibly on our notice. It is derogatory to society to profess to be governed by any law, which it does not intend to put into execution. A vacillating course in the solemn walks of justice effects as much evil as a deprivation of all law. If the code of Massachusetts says Death shall be the penalty of certain crimes, let it be sternly inflicted; or do away with it at once. Go not through with the farce of the dreadful sentence,—for it will soon become a farce;—make not a mockery of these things.

Many of our citizens mistake the ends of justice and its professed objects. It has no wish to injure the prisoner, but punishes him that the world around may see the consequences of violating the social compact, and be deterred by his example, from the commission of a like offence. In the formation of laws this point should be sedulously kept in view. We fear that even some legislators do not thoroughly understand the goal of justice.

We are convinced with a great portion of the community, that Capital Punishment does not effect the objects which it professes to seek; and therefore desire to see it abolished. True, the fear of death is strong; but under the circumstances under which it occurs, opposing feelings overcome, in a measure, this dread of being ushered into another world. Public executions, so plain had it become that they were worse than useless, have been lately almost entirely abolished. Their influence upon both the witnesses and the victims was terrible. The culprit found himself in the midst of a vast multitude, and every eye eagerly turned upon him to watch every motion, the movement of every muscle. Forgetful of the God whose presence he was soon to encounter, pride to exhibit no sign of fear operated on him to the last, and nerved him for the dread event. He marched with a firm step to the fatal instrument of death. To the last moment, even when the noose was about his neck, he persevered in obstinate coldness and insensibility; and with these feelings actuating him, he was cut off from existence. The crowd around sympathised in his apparent fortitude and manliness. His courageous end was applauded in the newspapers, and half its stigma wiped away.

An Editor in the western part of New York, lately remarked, after noticing the execution of a criminal in the jail of the county, that the community was becoming dissatisfied with Private Executions. An Editor who could give publicity to such an opinion, deserves to be driven from the community. We were glad to perceive that one of the New York presses gave this new Solon a powerful rebuke. Private executions are far more effective than public, but too much eclat attends even these as they now take place. If death must be inflicted, let none be present save the officers of justice. Let these be sworn to utter nothing of the manner of the culprit's end—and let it be only announced that he underwent the sentence of the law at such a time. This would be the proper course.

A proposition was brought forward last year in our Legislature, to confine the murderer in the States Prison for life, and cut off every bond that connected him with society. To give his wife permission to marry again—indeed to make him in every respect, dead to the world. What could be more awful than this! Living yet not alive! Uncared for, unhoped for, a blot on existence!

We sincerely hope that our coming Legislature will take the law of Capital Punishment into serious consideration.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ANNALS OF PHRENOLOGY, Vol 2, No 3, has just been issued by the publishers, Marsh, Capen & Lyon. It contains five original and nine selected articles, all of interest not only to Phrenologists, but to all searchers after the truth. One article entitled 'What constitutes a trustworthy and intelligent phrenologist,' shows truly what a professor should be, and what most of those who pass for phrenologists are not. Rev John Pierpont,Wm B. Fowle, and Dra Flagg and John Flint are the editors. It deserves patronage.

JUDGE THATCHER'S CHARGE. A judicious performance. He who gathers facts in relation to important public buildings, does something toward rescuing from oblivion materials which may be valuable to future historians. His Honor states that the stone Court-house was built during the late war of 1812. He might have mentioned, that the room in which he has usually held his courts, (in law language) affords *internal evidence* of the fact, inasmuch as the walls are lined with *cartouch boxes*. His honor takes occasion further to state, that the softer sex, 'made to temper man by their gentler virtues,' is excluded from a share in the administration of government. He should have added in a parenthesis (petticoat government excepted.)

EVERY DAY BOOK. Mudge, Boston. We have received a neat little book with the above title. It is of a convenient size, and we should think it would be very useful. It may be found at nearly all the bookstores.

THE HORTICULTURAL REGISTER, Vol. II. No. 1, comes to us, this month, embellished with an elegant engraving of Allerton Park, as wooded by the transplanting machine—proving that trees of almost any size may be safely changed from one place to another. Under the care of Mr Fessenden the Register is worthy the attention of all and is firmly established in public favor.

BULWER'S new novel, entitled Rienzi, is in press, and will soon be received.

HOOK has a novel in preparation to be called the Apothecary.

POWER'S work on America has been received and is in course of republication by the Harpers.

THE DRAMA.

LA SOMNAMBULA!—and Mrs Wood as Amina! Let us pause. It is not well to begin with raptures, although they often come in well as an afterpiece. So let us speak temperately of La Somnambula and Mrs Wood.

This piece is the pretty little farce of 'The Somnambulist,' metamorphosed into an Opera. As a play,it is exceedingly simple, and the plot may be summed up in a word.—Amina (Mrs Wood) is betrothed to Elvino (Wood) a peasant, and is about to be married. During the preparations for this event, Rodolpho (Brough) comes to the village, and sleeps at the hotel. In the night, Amina who is accustomed to walk in her sleep, enters his apartment and places herself on his bed. The villagers who have discovered him to be their lord, come early to pay him their respects—discover Amina, and form of course, the worst suspicions. Elvino will have nothing further to do with her; and is about to marry Lisa (Mrs Smith), her rival, when proof of Amina's innocence is presented, by her appearance on the top of the house, walking in her sleep. While all are looking in breathless agitation, afraid to speak, lest to wake her would cause her to fall, she crosses an old timber which bends beneath her, and safely descends. Her words in her unconsciousness, exonerate her from all blame, and the piece happily concludes.

Such is the plot—simple as possible, and comprised in three scenes, which make as many acts. But the music! It is enthralling! Its character is wholly different from any which ever before greeted our ears. It is pitched, in parts, on a key most favorable to infuse into it the deepest pathos. Mad. Otto, who sings two songs, acquits herself well, and wins the approbation of all. The Chorus never performed better, add the Orchestra, saving that it plays at times much too loud, a fault which we wish it would no longer be guilty of, is deserving of great applause.

The only part of the music which we do not admire, is the finale to the last act. It appears to us to be too monotonous, subdued and deficient in character, for the closing chorus. Where all is so beautiful, however, we will ascribe our dislike to a want of taste in ourself.

The only blot on the Opera, is the low indelicate rallies put into the character of Alessio, personated by Andrews. It is strange that authors can so mistake the taste of the public, as to suppose them capable of enjoying such vile and improper witticisms, or at least that they will prostitute themselves to gain the applause of that portion of an audience who are pleased with things of the kind. And it is more strange, that the manager of the Tremont has no more respect for his theatre and his patrons,than to disgrace himself and them, by suffering such allusions to be made. It matters not whether they be in the copy or not—they can be easily erased without injury to the play, and we can assure Mr Barry that until he takes measures to prevent the utterance of indelicate innendoes, he never will have the support of a majority of the Boston public. We were glad to hear the hisses that instantly followed them on Wednesday and Thursday evenings. It was an evidence that there are many who are resolved to endure the evil no longer.

Mr Brough, has heretofore been necessarily kept in the back ground in the Operas in which he has appeared; and he has not been properly appreciated. The character of Rodolpho gives him an opportunity to display his abilities more to advantage, and many have been taken by surprise at the excellence of his voice,and the taste and correctness of which he is capable. His song in the first act was loudly and most deservedly applauded. He became instantly established in the favor of the audience, which repetition has contributed greatly to increase. He is the best base we have ever heard.

Mr Wood was ever a greater favorite with us, than any singer whom it has been our fortune to hear. We were always delighted with his fervor, his manliness, his simplicity. He looks, and acts, and sings as if he was interested in what he is doing, and was not actuated by mere mercenary motives. He sings generally in the Opera with his accustomed excellence, and his celebrated song 'Still as gently o'er me stealing,' is sweet and delicate; but too high for Mr Wood's best tones. In the finale to the second act, he contributes his part to steal the heart away.

But Mrs Wood as Amina!—oh, she is excellent—most excellent. Her 'Clari,' as the 'Maid of Milan,' and Amina, are, aside from the music, the best specimens of histrionic power we ever witnessed. We will compare her with no one. In everything both on and off the stage, she is above comparison. Her distraction when, innocent as she is, she finds herself discarded by Elvino—her pale sadness when unconscious sleep binds her senses, and above all her piercing, soul-conquering shriek, when hope again gilds her heart—it is all electric; we pity those to whose eye a tear does not start.

Such is her acting. Her singing—is there any need that we should praise it?

Mr and Mrs Wood will probably remain a week longer, and then we shall be delighted with their performances no more. Farewell to her who has elevated the character of our stage—who has taught us what is the perfection of melody! Farewell to him, whose bland smile and gentlemanly manners speak a true heart! A blessing accompany them wherever they go! They have afforded us some of the most exquisite moments of pleasure we ever experienced—and we never forget those who have planted an oasis in our path of existence.

GREEN ROOM CHIT-CHAT. Reeve has taken well in Philadelphia. He goes to Washington next.—Jack Cade, the new tragedy, has been postponed on account of the continued illness of Adams.——Barton of the Chestnut street is playing in Washington, at the National. He is is a favorite comedian.——Miss Riddle and Miss Vos have been playing together in Mobile.——The New Orleans papers are puffing Md'lle Celeste in prelude.——The fire in New York has thinned the audiences at the theatres. The managers have a losing time of it.——Mr and Mrs Ternan are at New Orleans at Caldwell's.——Booth is at Washington with Miss Duff (Mrs Adams.)

EDITORIAL MISCELLANIES.

THE CELEBRATION AT THE ODEON. A glorious feast was the celebration of the Boston Phrenological Society at the Odeon on Monday evening last. At, an early hour the whole front of the building was filled with the elite of the city, and never, even in its palmy days, when Melpomene and Thalia held court there, and Kean, Macready, Cooper, Conway and such were the presiding deities, was the building filled with a more intellectual audience. The performances were commenced by a beautiful piece of execution on the organ by Zeuner, a performer of rare musical taste. Next a prayer by Rev Mr Green of East Cambridge in language every way fitted to the occasion. Then followed an address by Dr S. G. Howe, occupying an hour in the delivery. The Doctor's voice is another strong nor musical, and when he commenced his address with a sing-song, school-boy-like paraphrase of the death of Spurzheim, we wished ourself fairly out of the house; but getting on with his subject, he warmed into eloquence, and the remainder of his address told well for the talent, the exhibition of which we were led to expect from one whose literary attainments stand in so high estimation. We doubt not that every individual of the audience would willingly have heard him another hour.

Again the organ sounded a mild sweet air. When it ceased, Grenville Mellen arose and commenced a poem beginning—

'There is a sound of music in the air,'

the delivery of which occupied nearly three quarters of an hour. We did not admire Mr Mellen's delivery—though a beautiful reader, his voice was neither strong enough to fill the building,nor clear enough to be distinctly understood by those within hearing. But the poem itself appeared to give universal satisfaction—certain parts of it, we think fully equal to the best performances of its author, who looks, we regret to say, told of ill health.

The address and poem will without doubt be published—they should be.

CHEATING UNDER FALSE PRETENCES. Right glad are we that our merchants are beginning to protect themselves against the too frequent piracies of designing knaves. Cheating by false pretences has been too much practised of late to be longer suffered. It has been thought by many in certain parts of New England, a great achievement to outwit Boston merchants, let the course taken be never so dishonest, and the game has consequently been played with bold hands. But a day of retribution is at hand, and many will need to look to their liberties. The merchants are awake to the subject, and the iron arm of the law will give to many a time for cool reflection in the State's mansion at Charlestown. The wedge is already entered, a blow has been given it during the past week by the conviction of Holmes Cushman, for fraud committed on the firm of of Kimball, Jewett & Co. The sentence will probably be service in the State Prison for a term of years—we think it should be. There should be a *healthy* tone of confidence among the mercantile community, that shall set at defiance all chance of future similar prosecutions.

We understand that a motion will be made at the next session of the legislature for a law more clearly defining what is meant by the term 'cheating under false pretences,' with particular reference to mercantile transactions.

OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT. The Correspondent of the Pearl at Washington speaks as follows concerning the letter-writers congregated there, and gives the subjoined sketch of our own correspondent.

There is a distinct class or order of men, forming a part of Washington Winter society, to which, as a genus, with a great variety of species, I would respectfully introduce the readers of the Boston Pearl. I mean the genus letter-writer. They know each other by instinct—and have no almost force enough here, in this 'city of magnificent distances,' to form a corps for mutual defence and vindication of their specific character, as a body politic and corporate, against any and all gainsayers. 'The little gentleman in specs'—the spy in Washington'—'the historian—that is to be—of the life and times of Aaron Burr'—all the same individual, dear reader,—is the veteran of the corps, as may be seen any day in the ladies' gallery of the House. He never goes to the Senate now; he says that, by the new regulations as to the gallery there, they have legislated him out—with the 'O.' of the Baltimore Patriot, the 'S. H.' of the Chronicle, the two *Atlanteans*, the 'S. H.' of the Portland Advertiser, the 'Reis Effendi' of the Morning Post, the 'Looker on in Vienna' of the Mercantile, etc. etc., etc., around him—himself the centre constellation of a galaxy. And this casual simile reminds me of another of the clan, with whom it has been my good fortune to fall in with here. I mean the 'J.' of your friend Harrington's Galaxy. He is one of the queerest geniuses I have met with—a hitherto somewhat wide ramble among the oddest of nature's creations. Did you read the Loafer's Autobiography, on the first page of the last number? It was his—by his pen. He is a fine spec

DOINGS OF CONGRESS.

Thursday, Dec. 24th.—SENATE.—Mr. Southard reported a bill to authorise the enlistment of boys in the U. S. Navy—ordered to a second reading. Mr. Leigh obtained leave to introduce a bill for the relief of Rob. Jewett, deceased—referred to the committee on claims. Mr. Porter offered a resolution for the more effectual holding of District Courts at times prescribed for their respective Districts; also to compel District Judges to reside at the places where their respective Courts are held. Mr. Hubbard reported an amendment of the act of Congress respecting pensioners; so that all persons entitled to a pension for disabilities incurred in the Revolutionary war shall have a right to claim and receive the same, in addition to any pension to which they are entitled by an act of Congress. Mr. Hendricks offered a resolution which was agreed to, to instruct the committee on the Judiciary to inquire into the expediency of fixing, by law, the time of the commencement and close of every succeeding session of Congress.

HOUSE.—Mr. Mason of Va. moved to proceed to the consideration of the subject of the reference of the Message from the President, transmitting the Constitution of Michigan in relation to the formation of a State Government. The subject of referring it to a select committee was discussed. Mr. Vinton spoke at length upon the propriety of referring it to the committee on the Judiciary. Mr. Mason answered. Mr. Storer, of Ohio, next addressed the House. At 1 o'clock, Mr Stockton was elected Chaplain. The house adj. to Monday.

Monday, 28th—SENATE.—The Chair presented a memorial of the War Department in regard to Pensions, according to the resolution of Congress, May, 1830. It was referred to the committee on Pensions and ordered to be printed.

Mr. Crittenden, for Mr. Clay, gave notice that he should ask leave to introduce the bill for the distribution of the avails of the public lands on Tuesday.

Mr. Wright presented a memorial from one hundred and twenty-five sufferers by the late fire in New York, praying for relief. Mr. Webster desired that it should be immediately printed, and expressed the opinion that one of the modes of relief suggested by the petitioners, viz: such an investment of the surplus revenues at New York, as would be advantageous to the commercial community, would be the most ready, plain and effectual. It was understood that some millions were lying in one of the deposite banks in New York, locked up from all public use. He thought that those funds ought to be so disposed of, that they might be the basis of a discount to meet the new created wants of the merchants. The memorial was referred to the committee on Finance.

Mr. Calhoun gave notice that he should on the following day, ask leave to introduce a bill to regulate the deposites of the public money of the United States; and a bill in relation to the mail, and for other purpose.

In the House of Representatives, the debate was resumed on the motion to refer to Committees the Message of the President transmitting the State Constitution and other documents from the Convention of Michigan, held for the purpose of forming a State Government.

After debate, the motions to refer to a select committee, and to the Committee on Territories, were withdrawn, and the motion to refer to the judiciary committee was carried. Yeas 113—Nays 77.

The rule was suspended in favor of a reconsideration of the vote referring the subject of the disputed boundary of Ohio and Michigan to a select committee. The vote was reconsidered, and the subject was referred to the committee on the judiciary, and the House adjourned.

SCRAPS, LOOSE THOUGHTS, &c.

FAME. The noise which a man makes in the world, is *in an inverse ratio* to the quantity of brains he may have in his noddle. Illustration:—a full cask in motion is noiseless and quiet; while one nearly empty makes a temult and clash.

THE LATE HON J. BIGELOW, while arguing a point of law before the late Judge Paine, was interrupted by him in a most dogmatical manner, and after stating a position, the Judge said, 'Sir, don't you know that this is the law of the land?' 'No sir,' said the ready advocate, *'I do not know it to be law, nor should I even have suspected it to be so, had not your honor declared it such.'*

Dr Johnson being asked by a lady what love was, replied, 'it is the wisdom of fools and the folly of the wise.'—Dryden being asked the same question, said—'It is a thing I have often seen, felt, and heard of, but never could understand.'

A Lawyer at the Norfolk Bar, whose voice seems more pleasing to himself than to others, at a certain time, persisted in making remarks in a cause, which the Court told him was most clear; when he had spun his yarn, the presiding Judge (the late Hon T. B. Adams) in a most gentlemanly manner, replied, 'Sir the Court are still unanimously in your favor, notwithstanding all you have said.'

We understand that a member of the bar, in an adjoining county, is about to be excluded from the fellowship of the fraternity, on account of his habits of intemperance.

A FIST. What is a fist? The hand doubled. How then can one double up his fist?

ROLLA. A stout man told us the other day, he meant to play Rolla, and knew he should succeed. 'Why,' said we, you know nothing of elocution, gesture, or dignity.' 'Oh, no matter for that,' answered he, 'those are not at all necessary. I can take up the child, finely, and that's all that's wanting in Rolla.'

THE EASTERN PENITENTIARY. We would call the attention of our readers to the excellent letter respecting the Eastern Penitentiary, from our Philadelphia Correspondent.

ROXBURY HOURLIES. The Omnibuses are elastic—like India Rubber. However full they may be, they will always hold one or two more.

FIRE-PROOF BUILDINGS. It is to be hoped that the Corporation of New York City will take effective measures to cause the merchants to erect fire-proof buildings on the ground of the late fire. Do our citizens know that by their own vote, two story wooden buildings may be erected in our city?

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MUNICIPAL. At a meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen on Monday,

The Board concurred with the Common Council by a unanimous vote, that it is inexpedient to join the town of Charlestown in a bond, authorized by an act of the Legislature, to be given respecting the Warren Bridge, and the same, together with the opinion of the City Solicitor, was ordered to be published in the newspapers which print the city ordinances.

The committee appointed to take the census of the city were instructed to publish such parts of their report as they may deem expedient.

The Auditor of Accounts' report, giving a detailed account of the fiscal affairs of the city government during the last financial year, was read and accepted in concurrence with the Common Council, and 7000 copies ordered to be printed and distributed to the inhabitants of the city.

Upon the petition of the manager of the amphitheatre, the Mayor was authorized to detail a sufficient number of constables to keep the peace, at the expense of the petitioner.

An order passed respecting the Roxbury hourlies, regulating the stands, and the time of occupying the same.

The committee appointed to consider the expediency of providing that the compensation of all persons holding office under the city government, in either branch thereof, shall be established by the City Council, are unanimously of opinion that it is expedient and highly proper that the compensation should be established as aforesaid, and recommend that the subject be referred to the next City Council.

An order passed to refer all unfinished business to the next Board.

The following Resolve was passed by an unanimous vote:

Resolved that the thanks of the board of Aldermen be presented to the Hon. Theodore Lyman, Jr. for the able, dignified, impartial and courteous manner, in which he has presided over the board, and for the prompt, official and faithful discharge of his official duties, since his elevation to the office of the Mayor of the City of Boston.

To which the Mayor made a pertinent answer. The board was then adjourned sine die.

The Jury in the case of Pelby vs. Barry, stood ten for the *defendant* and two for the *plaintiff*, and these two were ready to yield, and agree to a verdict of acquittal, but as Judge Morton, who tried the case, was absent, they could not be instructed on a point of law, which alone prevented their agreeing.

COLUMBUS, GEO., DEC. 11—STEAMBOAT ACCIDENT. The beautiful and well constructed steam boat Ellen, brought upon our waters last season, was snagged and sunk last Friday, in ascending the river to Columbus. The accident occurred near Porter's Ferry, midway between Columbus and Apalachicola. The whole, or nearly all her cargo, amounting to $60 or $70,000, we learn, is lost—nearly all of which, we understand, was insured.

The crew and passengers of the schooner Madawaska (which sailed from New York about a month since with 200 volunteers for Texas) were in prison at Nassau, (N. P.) on the 10th ult. on a charge of piracy. It seems they lost their reckoning, and when about eight or ten days out found themselves among the Bahama Banks and Islands. The captain sent a boat with seventeen men on shore, where the men got drunk, and with drawn pistols and swords threatened the lives of the inhabitants, and robbed them of whatever they wanted. This indiscretion being made known at the English Naval station at Nassau, two gun ships were sent in pursuit of the Madawaska, and found and took possession of her after about a week's search. The men were imprisoned there, and were to be tried in a few days, when it was thought all except the boat's crew would be set at liberty.

INSURRECTION OF CONVICTS AT JUAN FERNANDEZ.—Captain Carey, of the ship Gideon Barstow, arrived at Rochester, informs us that the Governor of Juan Fernandez arrived on the 21st of Sept. on his way to Valparaiso, to raise forces, with whom to retake his island, of which possession had been taken by the convicts, sentenced there by the Chilian Government.

TEXAS. The Natchez Courier of the 1st instant, says:—'Judging from the immense emigration to Texas within the part month, from this quarter, and from the reports of travellers who state that hundreds are met every day, Texas will be able to boast of an army of 10,000 before January.'

Forty two negroes emancipated by the late Gen. Samuel Blackburn, of Bath, arrived in Richmond on the 13th inst, on their way to Norfolk, where they would take passage to Liberia.—*Nat. Intelligencer.*

FIRE. The house of Bishop M'Ilvaine, at Gambia, Ohio, took fire about 2 o'clock on the morning of the 18th ult.—the west end was very much damaged, probably to the amount of 1000 or $1200—most of the furniture saved.

PIRACY. We learn from Capt Isay, of the brig Leo which arrived here on Monday last from Matanzas, that news had just been received from Madeusa (Cuba) that an American and a Spanish brig near that place had been captured by the pirates in an open boat, and *all on board murdered.* The authorities had sent a vessel in pursuit of them.—*Jour Com.*

A mulatto Indian named David Davis, was killed a few nights since, at a low grog shop, called the Siberian Hotel, in New Haven. There was a carousal among five or six sailors, in which the deceased was stabbed to the heart. A fellow named Allen has been arrested on suspicion.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT. Mr George Green, of Boston, who is somewhat deaf, was walking on the track of the Lowell Railroad Tuesday morning, near Winter Hill, in Charlestown, when the dirt cars passed along. The Engineer rung the bell to alarm him, but as he turned to avoid the train, his foot slipped, and before the locomotive could be stopped, the cars passed over his leg, crushed it to pieces, and broke his arm in two places. Five of the cars were thrown from the track, and an Irish laborer had his neck broken.—*Trans.*

COMMERCE OF BOSTON. The number of Foreign arrivals into this port during the year 1829, was 663; 1830, 548; 1831, 766; 1832, 1064; 1833, 1067; 1834, 1165; 1335, 1302.

The number of Foreign clearances during the year 1829, was 624; 1830, 561; 1831 679; 1832, 743; 1833, 935; 1834, 1003; 1835, 1221,

The arrivals and clearances during the present year, are more than during any previous year since the adoption of the present Constitution.—*Merc. Jour.*

MARRIAGES.

In this city, W. H. Hammond, of Cambridge to Mary Jane Hanscomb, of Eliot, Me.—Joseph Rumrell to Nancy B. Gerrish, of Newcastle, Me.—Thomas Tucker to Eliza Harrington—E. W. Pike to Mary N. Gregg—Stephen Jones to Susan Elizabeth McDonald—Jerome Bonaparte Wallace to Elizabeth Palmer, of Wakefield—John Dean, of Stoneham, to Ann J. Brown.

At Cambridgeport, Charles M. Hovey to Ann Maria Chapouil.

At Brighton, Jared Gould to Sophia Dalrymple.

At Dedham, Charles E. Fiske, of Natick, to Harriet Huven.

At Hingham, William O. Lincoln to Adeline Lincoln.

At Baltimore, Russell Sturgis, of Boston, to Margaret Dawes Appleton.

At Kirtland, Ohio, Elder Warren Parrish to Martha H. Raymond, formerly of Beverly, Mass.—both members of the Mormon Communion.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs Abigail Edes, 68; Mary Amanda, wife of Peter Harvey, also their infant daughter; Mrs. Elizabeth Vinton, 68; Mrs Sarah H. Williams, 21, formerly of Alfred Me.

At Roxbury, P. Eaton, 28, formerly of South Reading.

At Chelsea, Samuel Green, 65.

At Dorchester, Anne Y, widow of the late Hon John Bailey, 32.

At West Cambridge, Malvina, daughter of John Frost, 19.

At Milton, Alexander French, 60.

At South Reading, 21st inst, after a short and painful illness, widow Hannah Alden, 62.

At Ashburnham, Benjamin Lane, a revolutionary soldier, 85.

At Plymouth, Dr Zacheus Bartlett, Vice President of the Pilgrim Society.

At New Bedford, Samuel Rodman, 83, a distinguished merchant, and for about fifty years connected with the whaling business.

At Andover, Miss Ulelia Brown, 28 formerly of this city.

At Pembroke, Hon Kilborn Whitman, Counsellor at Law, aged about 71.

At Hopkinton, N. H. Clarissa wife of Robert Chase Esq. United States Consul at Martinque, and daughter of Andrew Leach.

At Augusta, Me, Harriet, wife of Elias Craig.

At Charleston, S. C. Capt Edward Kelly, 55 formerly of Newburyport.

At Marietta, Ohio, Sarah wife of D. B. Bosworth Esq. and grand-daughter of Rev D. Oliver, of Boston, 24.

At New Orleans, John H. Winship, 23, formerly of Boston.

At Montreal, Elizabeth Gould, widow of the late Hon George Henry Monk, one of the Judges of the King's Bench in Nova Scotia, 69 years and 8 months. Mrs. M. was a native of Boston.

Fancy Job Printing.

CONDON & CO. 32 CONGRESS ST.
EXECUTE all kinds of Job Printing, viz—Books, Pamphlets, Catalogues, Bank Checks, Merchants' Blanks, Circulars, large Show Bills, Cards, &c. Jan 2

HINGHAM UMBRELLAS.

FOR SALE AT No. 61, WATER-STREET, (UP STAIRS,)
CASES 32, 30 and 28 in. extra superior English Gingham UMBRELLAS, stamped borders;
Cases 30 in. do do do do Plain;
do 30 and 28 in. Black American do do;
do 30 in. do English do do very superior;
do 30 and 32 in. Blk Silk UMBRELLAS, French style;
do 28 in. Gingham UMBRELLAS, bone stick,
Also—Double Foundation MUSLINS, constantly on hand. 3m july 11

A CARD TO THE LADIES.

THE Subscriber having dissolved partnership with Mr. Hills, Ladies' Shoe Maker, School street, begs leave to acquaint the Ladies of Boston and its vicinity, that he has again commenced business at No. 21 School street, a few doors above his former shop, where he respectfully solicits the patronage of his friends and former customers. ROBERT KNOTT.
july 11

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICES.

THE Subscribers have formed a Copartnership in business under the firm and style of
JONES, LOWS & BALL,
and will occupy the new granite building recently erected, *No. 123 WASHINGTON STREET,* where they respectfully solicit the patronage of their friends and the public.
JOHN J. LOW,
FRANCIS LOW,
SAMUEL S. BALL,
GEORGE B. JONES.
June 15

A CARD. The Subscriber having relinquished his interest in business to his Son, George B. Jones, and disposed of his entire stock to Messrs. JONES, LOWS & BALL, takes pleasure in recommending his friends and customers to the above firm. All persons indebted to him will please make payment, and all to whom he may be indebted are requested to call and receive their dues, at 123 Washington Street. JOHN B. JONES.
June 15

NOTICE. The Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of JOHN J. LOW & CO. is by mutual consent this day dissolved—Having formed a new copartnership, they respectfully ask the patronage of their former customers and friends for the new firm of JONES, LOWS & BALL. The unsettled affairs of the late firm of John J. Low & Co. will be adjusted at No. 123 Washington street.
JOHN J. LOW,
Nov 10, 1835. FRANCIS LOW.

PROSPECTUS.

WILD-FLOWERS AND SEA-SHELLS:
Being a selection from the writings, poetical and prosaic, of natives of Lynn; embracing the whole period of its history.

EDITED BY ALONZO LEWIS AND J. R. NEWHALL.

DURING the period embracing the history of this town, there have, from time to time appeared among us, our fellow-citizens are all aware, those, of either sex, who were justly looked upon as endowed with mental qualities far above the ordinary standard—those who have shone forth as stars of the first magnitude in our little community, and who, haply, under more auspicious circumstances, would have been hailed as brighter lights to a more extended sphere;—but who have yet passed from among us, leaving a few gems only scattered in their path to the tomb, as memorials of the peculiar favor of their God;—leaving here a few *flowers* gathered from the dark glen or the sunny height, and there a little glittering cabinet of *sea-shells* gleaned from the romantic shores, of their own loved home.

It is the object of the Editors to gather up these fragments, and select from among them such as they esteem most worthy of preservation; adding a series of articles, original and select, from the writers of the present day. It is not their aim to gain any thing in a pecuniary point of view; they ask only remuneration for their actual expenses, deeming the pleasure of presenting the little volume to their fellow citizens, sufficient reward for all their toil. It is believed that the work will also be interesting beyond the immediate sphere of its publication, as the interests and sympathies of this town and those around her have ever been most strongly united:—together have they toiled through the darkness of bygone years, and together have they arrived upon the sunny lands of prosperity.

The work will be put to press as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained to defray the expenses—and it is hoped that our fellow citizens will come forward with their accustomed liberality; many names will be required to meet the expenses, as the work will be executed in a style worthy of its object. It is designed that the volume shall be as 12mo of about 250 pages—delivered to subscribers at $1 per copy.

Subscriptions received by either of the Editors, at Lynn, or by H. HASTINGS WELD, Boston.
Lynn, July 18, 1835.

MR. PADDON,

NO. 210 WASHINGTON STREET.
sept 12 tf

REAL MADRAS CRAVATS

A FEW pieces of Real Madras Cravats, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington street. ju

DACRE.

A NOVEL. Edited by the Countess of Morley.—For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. august 8

APPROVED
SCHOOL BOOKS.

ALGER'S MURRAY'S GRAMMAR.—Being an abridgement of Murray's English Grammar, with an Appendix; containing exercises in Orthography, in Parsing, in Syntax, and in Punctuation—designed for the younger classes of learners—by Lindley Murray. To which questions are added, punctuation, and the notes under Rules in Syntax copiously supplied from the author's large grammar, being his own abridgement entire revised, prepared, and adapted to the use of the "English Exercises"—by Israel Alger, Jr. A. M. recently a teacher in Hawkins street School, Boston.

As a cheap and compendious elementary work for general use, this is probably the best Grammar extant, and is rapidly gaining an introduction into most of the towns in New-England. Though furnished at a moderate price, it is so copious as, in most cases, to supersede the necessity of a larger work.

(Extract from the Records of the School Committee, Boston.)

At a meeting of the School Committee, held at the Mayor and Aldermen's rooms, May 5, 1824, it was—Voted, That Alger's Abridgement of Murray's Grammar, Boston stereotype edition, be introduced into the public Reading and Grammar Schools in this city.

JOHN PIERPONT, Secretary.

Alger's Murray's English Exercises—consisting of Exercises in Parsing, instances of false Orthography, violations of the rules in Syntax, defects in Punctuation, and violations of the rules respecting perspicuous and accurate writing—with which the corresponding rules, notes and observations, in Murray's Grammar are incorporated: also, References in Promiscuous Exercises to the Rules by which the errors are to be corrected. Revised, prepared and particularly adapted to the use of Schools; by Israel Alger, jr A. M.

Extract from the Preface.

It is believed that both teachers and pupils have labored under numerous and serious inconveniences, in relation to certain parts of these Exercises, for want of those facilities which this volume is designed to supply. Those rules in Mr Murray's Grammar which relate to the correction of each part of the Exercises in Orthography, Syntax, Punctuation and Rhetorical construction, have been introduced into this manual immediately preceding the exercises to which they relate. The pupil being thus furnished with the principles by which he is to be governed in his corrections, may pursue his task with profit and pleasure. In this edition, more than forty 18mo pages of matter have been added from Mr Murray's Grammar.

PROGRESSIVE EXERCISES IN ENGLISH COMPOSITION—by R. G. Parker, Principal of the Franklin Grammar School Boston. 6th stereotype edition. Price neatly bound, 31 cents. Twenty thousand copies having been sold of this popular work, the Publisher has now stereotyped it; and the author desirous of rendering it more worthy of the favor it has received, has made some additions, which will supersede the necessity of using any abridged treatise of Rhetoric in connection with it.

Extract from the Preface.

Two great obstacles beset the pupil in his first attempts at composition. The first is the difficulty of obtaining ideas, (or learning to think;) the second is that of expressing them properly when obtained. In this volume the author has endeavored to afford some assistance to the pupil in overcoming these difficulties. The simplicity of the plan here proposed requires no labored explanation. The first exercise or lesson consists in giving the word, or a number of words, and instead of asking for a definition of them requiring him to use them in a sentence or idea of *his own*. From this single exercise he is led onward through a series of lessons in easy and regular procession from the simplest principles to the most difficult practice. If on the first inspection any of the Lessons appear too difficult, the author respectfully requests the tests of trial and experience before they are condemned. They have been performed, and the *Models* of some of those apparently the most difficult, were written by the pupils in the school of which he has the charge.

☞As evidence in favour of the merit and utility of this work, the fact may be stated, that it has been republished in England, and received commendable notices from the public journals. The following Recommendation is furnished.

From Mr Walker, Principal of the Elliot School, Boston.

By such a work, all the difficulties and discouragements which the pupil has to encounter in his first attempts to write, are in a great measure removed, and he is led on progressively in a methodical and philosophical manner till he can express his ideas on any subject, which circumstances or occasion may require, not only with sufficient distinctness and accuracy, but even with elegance and propriety. An elementary treatise on composition like the one before me, is certainly much wanted at the present day. I think this work will have an extensive circulation, and I hope the time is not distant when this branch of education, hitherto much neglected, will receive that attention which in some degree its importance demands.

☞The same author has in progress, a second part, or Sequel to the above popular work.

Teachers and others interested in education who have not examined the above, are invited to call and receive copies (gratis) for this purpose.

New editions of the above popular School Books, handsomely printed from stereotype plates, and neatly bound just published and for sale at 77 Washington street, Joy's buildings, and by the principal booksellers in the United States.

Also, for sale as above, a general assortment of School and Classical Books. Teachers and country merchants are respectfully invited to call. copis3m may 30

SILK GROWER'S GUIDE.

JUST published by *RUSSELL, ODIORNE & CO* the American Silk Grower's Guide, or the art of raising the Mulberry and Silk on the system of successive crops in each season, by Wm. Kenrick, author of the New American Orchardist, &c. Price 42 cents. sept 26

ZOOLOGICAL EXHIBITION.

THE ZOOLOGICAL EXHIBITION, in Union street, is now open day and evening. The Collection of
BEASTS AND BIRDS,
is much more extensive than any ever before exhibited in this city, and fills both the Upper and Lower Halls of the spacious building.

A large ANACONDA from the Island of Java.

Mr FLINT will enter the cages of the ferocious Animals at 4, P. M. and 8 in the evening. The Animals will be fed at half-past 8 o'clock in the evening.

Hours of Exhibition, from 10 A. M. to 12 M., from 1 to 4 1-2 P. M., and from 6 to 9 o'clock in the evening.

Admittance 25 cents; Children, under 10 years of age, half price.

☞A limited number of Season Tickets for sale at the door. tf dec 19

BOSTON AND LOWELL RAIL ROAD

THE Cars for the present and until further notice will leave Boston and Lowell at 9 and 3 o'clock.

No baggage can be taken except what belongs to passengers. Allowance to each, 40 lbs.

Tickets may be had at the Depot, corner of Leverett and Brighton streets. Price One Dollar each.

nov 28 3tis GEO. M. DEXTER, Agent.

PHRENOLOGICAL LECTURES.

THE Lecture on FRIDAY EVENING, Jan. 8th, at the Masonic Temple, will be delivered by Rev. GEO. W. BRADBURN. To commence at 7 o'clock, precisely.

☞Tickets to a Single Lecture 25 cents, to be paid at the door.
jan 2 JOHN S. SLEEPER, Rec. Sec.

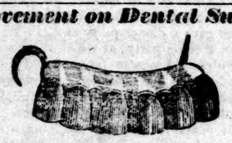
The Sacred Offering.

CONSISTING of selections of Poems from the works of Mrs. Jetsons, daughter of the late William Roscoe—For sale by *MARSH, CAPEN & LYON,* No. 133, Washington street. dec 19

FUR CAPS.

THE subscriber has just received a large assortment of FUR CAPS, consisting of Sea Otter, Fur Seal, Nutria, Imitation Fur Seal, Hair Seal, and other kinds of Fur Caps. Also, Fur Seal Gloves, Collars, &c.
sept 19 istf GEORGE W. EDMANDS.

Improvement on Dental Surgery



DR. B. T. PRESCOTT,

CONTINUES to perform all the necessary operations on the TEETH, both for their beauty and preservation.

Dr. P. having obtained the latest and highly approved method of inserting the mineral or *Incorruptible Teeth* on gold plate, so recently introduced in Paris, feels assured that he cannot fail to give a general and acknowledged satisfaction to all who may favor him with their calls.

Persons requiring operations on the Teeth, will please call and see specimens at office, corner of Hanover and Portland streets. 3mis dec 12

MERINOS.

PRIME assortment of English and French Merinos and Thibet CLOTHS, for sale low, by E. F. NEWHALL, 179 Washington street. dec 5

NEW BOOKS.

COLERIDGE'S POETICAL WORKS—In three volumes.

PAYNE'S ELEMENTS of Mental and Moral Science, designed to exhibit the original susceptibilities of the mind, and the rule by which the restitude of any of its states or feelings should be judged.

For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. july 18

French and English Chintzes.

A LARGE assortment of Winter Calicoes, selling off cheap by E. F. NEWHALL,
dec 5 179 Washington street

RICH ALBUMS.

A LARGE assortment of the above article, consisting of Arabesque, embossed Rich Calf, and fancy gilt Bindering—of a by a superior style and quality, are just received and for sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON 3 Washington st. august 29

GO TO
KIMBALL'S
12, WASHINGTON-STREET,
FOR
STOCKS,
LINEN DRAPERY, HOSE, GLOVES, &c.

Figured and Plain Silks.

A GREAT variety, selling at low prices, by E. F. NEWHALL, No. 179 Washington street. dec 5

Stock Frames, Buckles, &c.

STOCK Frames, Binding Skins and Buckles, for sale at KIMBALL'S 12 Washington street. june 6

CLOAKS.

A GOOD assortment of ladies' and misses' French and English Merino Cloaks—Dunstable and Florence Gypsey Hats and Bonnets. Also, a good selection of fancy Ribbons. J. NIGHTINGALE,
nov 14 7wis No. 287 Washington street.

Combs! Combs! Combs!

A. S. JORDAN,
Sign of the Original Golden Comb, No. 2, Milk St.
MANUFACTURES and has for sale a well selected assortment of shell and horn Combs, including those of the latest and most improved patterns. Ladies are solicited to call and examine. tf may 23

CLERK WANTED.

A PERSON is wanted at this office to keep the books, collect bills, etc. One competent to work at press, would be preferred. To such alone, a suitable salary will be given. dec 26

SHEPHERD, OLIVER & CO.
TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDERS.
No. 3, Water Street, 2 doors from Washington St.
KEEPS for sale, all kinds of Book and Newspaper Type, both new and second hand.

Stereotyping of all kinds executed with accuracy and despatch on the most reasonable terms.

A large discount made for cash. april 4

Chemical Embrocation;

Or—Whitwell's true and original Opodeldoc,
TEST OF THE ONLY TRUE KIND.

FIRST—see that the certificate of the late Dr Mitchell, LL.D. of the city of New York, is on the inside direction paper.

2d—That my name is stamped on the bottle.

3d—That the retail price is not less than 37 1-2 cents a bottle, all others are but base fabrications.

The above may be considered as infallible, in bruises, sprains, rheumatism, stings of insects, vegetable poisons, cramp, &c. &c. In a word, in all cases of external injury.

Sold by all the principal druggists in the United States, who also keep for sale the *VOLATILE AROMATIC SNUFF,* for many years celebrated in cases of catarrh, headache, dizziness, dimness of eyesight, drowsiness, lowness of spirits, hypochondria, nervous weakness, &c. It is most fragrant and grateful to the smell, being composed principally from roots and aromatic herbs. It is absolutely necessary for those who watch with or visit the sick, being an excellent prevention of contagion. Recommended by Dr Waterhouse, late Prof. of the Theory and Practice of Physic in Harvard University. Price 50 and 25 cents. tf ap 25

WATER PROOF PREMIUM GOODS

INDIA RUBBER WATER PROOF GOODS of the Style and quality which obtained the PREMIUM MEDAL AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE-NEW YORK, at their last Annual Exhibition. Constantly for sale at the Boston and Lynn India Rubber Company's Store, No 52 Water street, Boston—viz; Cloaks—Wrappers—Surtouts—Cloak Capes—Pea and Monkey Jackets—Sportsmen do—Pantaloons with or without feet—Caps with Capes—Cushions—Life Preservers—Hydraulic Sheets *and beds complete*—Bath sacks—Hydraulic Bathing—Injecting do, &c. *Air Beds*—Cushions—Pillows—Gun Bags—with every variety of articles impervious to air or water—at wholesale or retail by
nov 1 tf C. C. NICHOLS & CO, Boston

Great Natural Curiosity.

THE Proprietor has the pleasure to announce to the public that he has procured, at great expense, a commodious and well finished room, opposite the south west corner of Faneuil Hall, (No 7 Market Square) where his exhibition can be witnessed by persons of either sex, and of all ages, with perfect safety and convenience.

His exhibition consists of TWO LARGE ASIATIC SERPENTS, from 12 to 14 feet in length, perfectly docile, and may be handled with perfect safety; and the LEARNED MONKEY, DON PEDRO, who performs most astonishing and incredible feats, such as fencing with the sword, playing on cymbals, triangle violin, and tamburine, &c, which have amused and astonished thousands of persons in the United States.

Hours of exhibition from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M.

Admittance 12 1-2 cents; good music accompanies the exhibition oct 31

Boston & Bangor Steamboat Co.

THE annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Boston & Bangor Steamboat Company, will be holden at Concert Hall, on MONDAY, January 4th, at 3 1-2 P. M. for the choice of officers and transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.
dec 19 MOSES KIMBALL, Clerk

PHRENOLOGY.

AN Epitome of PHRENOLOGY; being an outline of the Science as taught by Gall, Spurzheim and Combe, to accompany a Chart delineated according to this System, or the Marked Bust approved by Dr Spurzheim. Illustrated with cuts. Just published by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. jan 2

BOAS! BOAS! BOAS!

THE subscriber has just opened a large lot of FUR BOAS of different qualities, which will be sold at very reasonable prices. Those in want of this desirable article for the approaching season, will do well to call at No. 40, Hanover street, under the American House.
sept 19 istf GEORGE W. EDMANDS.

Christmas & New Year Presents

THE American SWEET BAGS—a grateful perfume for scenting Clothes, Drawers, Wardrobes, &c. and an effectual preventive against moths. This odoriferous compound is put up in a style equal to the English, and with a correct representation of the WEBSTER VASE. For sale wholesale and retail by PALMER, JONES & BLAKE, 44 Hanover street, and by E. V. ASHTON, Washington street. dec 19

BOXING GLOVES,

FOR sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington-street. dec 5

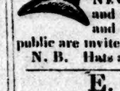
Day and Evening Schools.

MESSRS. WHITNEY & BAKER, CONTINUE their DAY SCHOOL, in Harvard Place, opposite the Old South Church, where Young Men and Lads can receive a thorough English education.

An efficient Writing Master is employed, and particular attention is paid, by Mr. Baker, to those who wish to fit for the counting room.

Messrs. W. & B. will commence their *EVENING SCHOOL,* in the same place, on the first Monday in October. tf sept 26

NEW HAT STORE.



ANSON DEXTER,
(Late of the firm of Olney, Dexter & Gill)
HAS for sale at his store, No. 37 Court st. opposite the new Court House, an entire NEW STOCK of the most fashionable N. York and Boston made *HATS, CAPS, GLOVES* and *UMBRELLAS.* His friends and the public are invited to call and examine them.
N. B. Hats and Caps made to order. tf may 9

E. F. NEWHALL,

179, WASHINGTON-STREET,
HAS now open a fine assortment of Rich Silks—Merinos—Velvets—Shawls—Hdkfs—English and French Chintzes—Broadcloths—Cassimeres—Ladies' Cloths—Flannels and other Dry Goods.

☞Purchasers are invited to examine the assortment nov 7

Chapman's Cough Mixture,

For the Cure of Diseases of the Chest or Lungs—such as Coughs, Colds, Influenzas, Asthmas, Catarrhs, Hectic Fevers, Spitting of Blood and other Diseased Obstructions and Irritations of the Respiratory System.

THE *formula* for this preparation of Medicine, is by that eminent medical gentleman, N. CHAPMAN, M. D. Professor of the Institutes and Practice of Medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, Physician to the Hospital, and Philadelphia Almshouse and Infirmary.

In difficulties or diseases of the lungs, the Cough Mixture is particularly adapted; it relieves Cough, Pain, Irritations, Tightness in the Chest and other obstructions, to free and easy repiration, and produces repose, unattended by the bad effects in the stomach and bowels, which are produced by those Cough Medicines that contain opium.

Worcester, Ms. Aug. 17th, 1835.

I have made use of *Dr Chapman's Cough Mixture* for a number of years in my family, and I am satisfied it is the best *Cough Preparation* in my knowledge, having tried many articles in my life time, for similar purposes.

T. W. BANCROFT, *Auctioneer.*

CHEMICAL PILE OINTMENT.

This article for the cure of Piles, is not equalled by any thing in this country, and foreigners, who have made of it, say there is nothing in Europe like it. It is an emollient, and at once soothing application, giving immediate ease and tranquility to the patient when laboring under this tormenting disease. It is put up in beautiful Porcelain Pots, imported from France, especially for the purpose, accompanied with copious directions for use in the severest cases. Price, $1 per pot.

Boston, July 8th, 1835.

This may certify that for five or six years past I have been troubled severely with the *Piles,* and until I made use of the *Chemical Pile Ointment,* I found nothing that would give me relief; therefore, I would recommend it in preference to any article whatever.

GEORGE HOBART, No 15, Doane street.

FISHER'S CELEBRATED CORN PLASTER.

This Corn Plaster needs no other recommendation than a trial, and will cure, as certain as it is applied according to the directions. It leaves the toe or seat of the Corn smooth, and performs a cure without pain, and in a short time. Price, 50 cents.

Worcester, Ms. July 20th, 1835.

I take much satisfaction in stating that *Fisher's Celebrated Corn Plaster* is a certain and safe article for the cure of *Corn,* and would particularly recommend it to those who are in need of a remedy.

E. F. DIXIE, 2, Central Exchange.

For sale at wholesale and retail by WILLIAM WARD, Druggist, 26 and 27 India street Boston; and by Druggists generally. tf oct 10

B. F. FOSTER,

TEACHER of Penmanship and Book Keeping, 116, Washington street. Classes, morning, afternoon and evening. july 11

NEW BOOKS.

WILL WATCH, From the autobiography of a British Officer, by the author of Cavendish, &c, 3 volumes.

The Token and *Atlantic Souvenir,* for 1836; Embellished with twelve splendid engravings.

The Gift for 1836; Edited by Miss Leslie; with nine engravings.

Memoirs of Great Commanders, G. P. R. James, Esq in 2 volumes.

Nuts to Crack, or Quips, Quirks, Anecdotes and facetæ of Oxford and Cambridge Scholars.

For sale by *MARSH, CAPEN & LYON,* No 133 Washington street. sept 25

Feathers, Hair, &c.

JOHN G. FLAGG & CO.
HAVE on hand a large and prime assortment of Foreign and Domestic Feathers, South American Hair; first rate Feather Beds; Hair Mattresses; Cushions, &c. which will be sold wholesale or at retail, on as reasonable terms as at any other establishment in this city. Apply at No 18 Union street. istf may 9

LADIES' RIDING CAPS,

HATS, UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, GLOVES AND STOCKS.
367, *WASHINGTON STREET.*
DANIEL MESSINGER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has received from New York a complete assortment of the above articles, which, added to those on hand, makes as good a variety as can be found in any Hat Store in Boston.

He has the newest patterns for *LADIES' RIDING CAPS* and *CHILDREN'S FANCY CAPS,* which will be made to order at the shortest notice.
may 30

FRESH GOODS.

DENNIS & GRAFTON have taken a Store in the New Block, No. 41 Hanover street, where they have for sale a rich assortment of fresh and desirable Goods—among which are the following, viz.

Rich black Gro de Swiss Silks; do do Gro de Berlin; do do Gro de Nap do; do col'd Gro de Nap do; do col'd Pouh de Soie, (rich colors.)

Merino Shawls—an assortment of 6-4, 7-4, and 8-4 Shawls; also, a rich style of Broganza Shawls; English and French Prints, new and very elegant patterns; also a prime assortment of Bishops' Lawn; Cambrics; Cambric Muslins; Sacharilla Cambrics; Mull Muslins; Long Lawns; Linens; Linen Damask; Patch; Tickings; Flannels; Robes; Linen Cambric Hdkfs, &c; also an assortment of Hosiery and Gloves, Domestic Goods, &c

Just opened, 1 case English Merinos, of the French finish, very desirable colors, among which are brown, claret, mulberry, purple, and adelaide; also a few pieces of rich pearl colors, very delicate shades and superior dyes—all of which will be sold at unusual low prices for cash. august 22

MATRESSES, Feather Beds, Ticking, &c. &c.

JOHN G. FLAGG & CO.
No. 18 UNION STREET.
HAVE on hand for sale, a first rate assortment of Hair Matresses, Feather Beds, Ticking, &c. Orders for the supply of Public Houses, &c. executed with neatness and despatch.

Also, on hand, a large supply of Curled Hair, Foreign and Domestic Feathers, &c. which they offer for

MISCELLANY.

[From the Baltimore Athenæum.]

RETROSPECTION.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

'Tis well to pause—a first gray hair!
A first!—alas! would it were so,
But many a silvery token there,
Tells how the fleeting moments go.
And yet, years have not paled my cheek,
Nor dimmed the ardor of my eye,
Nor left a single line, to speak
How swiftly they are hurrying by.

Here let me pause—I would look back,
Even though the glance should cost a tear;
Some memories linger on the track,
That still are as existence dear.
And there some faded flowers are strewn,
Withered like autumn's scattered leaves,
With all their living sweetness gone,
O'er which the dreary night-wind grieves.

I would look back,—Up from the past
How thick the clustering memories come,
But ah! o'er all their joy is cast
A shadow from the cheerless tomb.—
A smiling lip—a tearful eye
That gushes with affection's tide—
A trembling hand,—a half-waked sigh—
A flashing glance of startled pride—

A bounding step—a voice whose swell
Quivers in very strength of love—
I see you all—I feel your spell
Wildly o'er all my spirit move.
But ah! the visions dimly fade;
I see a lowly, grass-grown spot,
Where mournful falls the cypress shade,—
And—memory whispers—*she is not!*

Fond hopes that cheered me, where are ye!
Friends I have cherished—Oh, how changed!
I feel again your witchery,
I cannot deem ye thus estranged.
But cold reality is here
Again with drearier chill than aye;
Weakness has drawn a single tear,—
'Tis o'er—vain dreams, away! away!

[From the Portland Advertiser.]

BROOKS'S LETTERS

NO. XXXI.

MEN AND THINGS IN LONDON.—HOUSE OF LORDS.

July, 1835.

I have been into the House of Lords. As the gallery into which strangers are admitted, is not so large as that part of the Senate Gallery over our Vice President's head—and it holds the reporters too!—it requires much negociation to get in when an important debate is coming up. I wanted to hear the discussion upon the Municipal Corporation Bill; and I began my negotiation some days ahead. By the politeness of one of the editors of the Times, who of course stands high among the 'noble Lords,' I obtained an excellent seat, without being obliged to come some hours before-hand, as others did—many even of whom got no seat nor eye-sight either, such was the crowd. By the way, there is no accommodation for the people here. They are never expected to *hear* debates—but only to *read* them—which are reported after all, as I have learned by watching, with less accuracy than Mr Stanbury often reports for the National Intelligencer. The House of Lords (the room I mean,) is not large,—not so long, or longer, than our Congressional Library, not much wider. There is but one gallery for visitors. There are two where the Lords sit, when the benches are full below. The gallery for visitors is not quite so large as that in the House of Commons; but this will soon be smaller, as 'the ladies' are to share a part of it with the gentlemen,—a board partition, however, to separate them. The Lords sit as the Commons do—the Whigs on one side of an open area, the Tories on the other, with no desks, no note-taking places, no benches to lean upon. The Bishops have a bench of their own, a compartment rather, where they sit; part of them in wigs, all in white gowns or surplices. They look very like old women in their morning-gowns, when they first get out of bed—perhaps. The Lord Chancellor sits wigged, on a woolsack, before the throne, which is somewhat like a watchman's box; but the woolsack is covered over with red cloth, very neat therefore, but not so comfortable as an arm chair, as it has no arms only an uncomfortable back. The Clerks sit in front of him, wigged too, and then there are wigged Masters in Chancery.

The Earl of Falmouth began, popping questions at the feeble Viscount' Melbourne. What an excellent idea this is, of bringing the Ministry face to face, and thus popping questions at them, and demanding answers. It keeps them in order, and tries their calibre. I shou'd like to see our Secretaries now and then, catechised by the Senate or the House. How often would they stammer! It is a fine experiment; and if the genius of our government admitted of it, I think it wou d work well with us. It makes men responsible. This popping of questions led to a debate. Viscount Strangford in a school-boy tone, see-sawing up and down, let off a speech against this Corporation Reform Bill. The Duke of Cumberland, the *illustrious* Duke, the King's brother, sputtered a little, but he has nearly lost his voice, which is very lucky, as it would not serve him much, if he had it. Lord Wharncliffe spoke very naturally for a British Senator, very coolly, very reasonably. He did not mouth his words, as almost all the others do. Lord Melbourne then arose. I felt much curiosity to hear the Prime Minister. He speaks rapidly—is often involved in his sentences,—mouths some, thrashes the bench a little with regular thumps—and is a passable speaker, but nothing remarkable. There is a vein of manly sense though, in what he utters, that commands attention.—His air and tone are quite decisive. He commanded great attention; and one phrase, that 'no body of men could now trifle with the people,' brought forth the '*hear*'—'*hear*' very boisterously. One man in the gallery near me, was so very frantic with approbation, that the door keeper was obliged to take him out. The Duke of Wellington got up after this. I should have known him by his nose, as well as Brougham, for both have very remarkable noses. Say what they please about the old Duke's want of brains as a senator, he is no fool. Speaking is not the trade, I see. He brags his ideas out by main force;—and as he has lost his teeth, and therefore speaks indistinctly, appearances are against his eloquence;—but, nevertheless, I can see that he is the soul of the opposition. They rally around him.—They rely upon him. They 'hear,' 'hear' him, even when he does not say much to be heard. Such a leadership is not surrendered to a man of no senatorial talent. The Duke talks too, very much in the style in which he would rally a Brigade. He does not argue, so much as he commands. He jerks out his words when they come 'hard. He is energetic in his manner, but there is no mouthing about him, no regular blows upon the benches. He talks as if he had a job to do, and the quicker it was done the better. When the words stick in his throat, he sputters them out. When he does not pronounce them plainly, he sounds them again. The English language and he are no friends. Verbs with him often have no nominative cases, and the cases sometimes stroll through who'e paragraphs, after the verbs. Such is a little touch of the oratory of the man who made Bonaparte miss one figure.

Next we had that odd genius, Lord Brougham. The more I see of him the more I am puzz'ed to classify him. I met him the other day in some strange antics. This might be made a figure again and again. He rambles about in the House of Lords like a wild colt. As an Austrian General once said of Bonaparte, he despises all rule, all system, you cannot calculate upon what he is at. Now he would flatter the Duke of Wellington, and anon he would cuff him without much ceremony.—He goes off like a rocket, at times, never as brilliant.—Then he will flounder and flounder. If a man cries 'hear' at him, just as likely as not, he'll stop and thank him. If one says 'no,' he'll debate the question by the way, and jump right out of the middle of a sentence. I found him once all wound up in one of his gnarled sentences, and he himself was hunting for a corner to get out, but a'l the time was p unging deeper in,—and deeper and deeper did he get in, working up language in all manner of parentheses, when despairing at last of ever getting out of this maze, he burst out by cutting the gordian knot. Nobody can report him, or follow him at such times, but on the jump. Association finds him off on every side,—and then at last he will come back again. But he is always interesting, always instructive too, because he seems to know every thing. He mingles every body's talk 'hearing' this one and 'noe'-ing' that one, now crying 'oh' and anon crying 'yes' If this Lord says a good thing, he tel s him of it. If that a bad one he lets him know it. He will say a bitter thing with a most good-natured voice,—and as for order, or for doing as other people do, that is the last thing he th nks of. No man commands more attention,—but few have more influence,—and yet no man trifles more with his own power, or hazards it more. He is a *born naturæ*. I can't classify him; but if I were the House of Lords I would give him any thing to get out of it, for he is spoiling their trade, first making them seem mean by way of contrast with him, and next, upsetting all their dignity. Lord Brougham belongs to the House of Commons. It is a pity he ever left there.

The Duke of Newcastle, who I believe, is not very bright, next has something to say—but what that something was I don't remember, as it did not make much impression. Lord Wharncliffe again. Earl of Plymouth again. Earl of Ripon next, each with short speeches of two or three minutes. Lords seldom hold out long.—Speaking in public is out of their line, hereditary legislators as they are. The Earl of Winchelsea next got the floor—a real school-boy orator, now so loud that he up it his words to pieces, now so low, you could not hear him—alternating thus up and down, mouthing words and mangling sones abominably.—I rather think the Earl of Winchelsea has more zeal than sense, though what he said to night was not so bad, excepting his favorite phrase 'from the bottom of my heart' interwoven in his speech always when ideas did not come up as fast as he had words to clothe them in. Brougham again, and an interlude with the Duke of Cumberland, who can't be a wonder—except in his grey mustachios. The Lord Lyndhurst in a plain natural way—nothing oratorical about him, with some few sensible enough remarks.—Wellington once more, just in anger, with Melbourne's threat, that the Lords must not *trifle* with the people.—Melbourne in reply, that it was no threat, only an admonition. Lord Ellenborough, with a small voice, and a few indistinct remarks. Lord Mansfield nothing remarkable. Lord Plunket, clear and lawyer-like, natural, and no mouthing. Lord Fitzgerald tripping up his heels and quite adroit y. Earl of Wicklow plain and sensible. Earl of Westmoreland, saying, we cannot debate this further this *late hour of the night*,—and a laugh,—for it was only 8 o'clock, and probably he had been asleep. I never knew much of these men—some of them at least. I should like to know how near I have hit their real characters. The Lords met at 5 o'clock and adjourned at 9 o'clock. The question was upon hearing counsel upon the Corporation Reform Bill. We should have debated the question a month in Congress. They settled it at one sitting. Counse' were admitted. The Tories were in favor of it. The Whigs were opposed to it, but made no opposition. The Tories sought thus to delay the bill. The Whigs wish to push it ahead. Sir Charles Wetherell, and Mr. Knight were the counsel admitted.

I did not get any particular impression of any extraordinary dignity in the House of Lords. Dukes, Earls, Viscounts, Marquises, and Bishops are men, like the rest of us, with warm blood, and hot tempers at times. The excitement was not a little on this party question. Since this night it has broken out in the House of Lords with some violence. The Earl of Winchelsea has been a little raving. There is more dignity and more order than in the Commons, probably because the men are older, generally speaking, and because there are not so many of them, they numbering at the most 425, (never all there as they vote, if they choose, by proxy,) and the Commons numbering 628. I heard no remarkably-impressive speaking but that of Lord Brougham, and he was not eloquent. Lord Melbourne I presume, lays no pretensions to the orator. Some of the speakers would be ridiculed as being greener than Sophomores. I should think there was a want of intellect there. Men often, I see lay claim to attention from their rank rather than their brains. The Duke of Cumberland would have his quietus after a two days life in the American Senate. There is a bad taste in the manner in which many things are done here,—but the business-like energy with which things are pushed, for example, allowing Sir Charles Wethere l but 24 hours to prepare in, one cannot praise too much. The Eng'ish Politicians do know how to dispatch business better than we do, always excepting our last night of the session. B.

NO. XXXII.

July, 1835.

I went to the Hay Market Theatre, not so much to see the Queen, who was to be there, as to see in what manner a Queen was received, and how things were done. She came 'in state,' as it is called, by a private door, attended by outriders, four foutmen in gorgeous livery, a coachman in a wig, and was received at her private door by a company of guards. By the way, soldiers attend all the theatres here, and act as sentine s. She and her 'maid of honor,' with two gentlemen—'noble Lords,' I mean, for a Lord is not a gentleman here!! it would be vulgar to call him so,—went into a private box in the second row of boxes, and this private box was next to the stage. The orchestra struck up 'God save the King,'—the multitude shouted, not very heartily,—and the Queen bowed very graciously,—or as the newspapers have it, 'Her Majesty graciously condescended to acknowledge,' &c. &c. By and by, the Duchesses of Cambridge and of Saxe Weimar came.—Queens and Duchesses look very much like other people, as the Duchess of Saxe Weimar was far from being pretty. I like the looks of the Queen. She looks spirited, and as if she had a good share of intellect,—and I rather think this is necessary: for according to all accounts, the King is not so bright as he might be. For though 'by the Grace of God,' he has been made a king, much into lect was not mingled with the grace. If it be not treason, I will say that *he* looks very stupid, and probably is so; but I will not say so, till I get back to America. The Queen was neatly and elegantly dressed, but quite simply. Our fine ladies put on ten ribbons to her one. Indeed, none of the boxes exhibit near so much dress as our boxes do on great occasions. Some of the first families in London were out to see the Queen,—and how plain were their dresses, compared with ours!—and yet it does not cost half so much to be *a lady* in the old world, where they manufacture all the fine things, as it does in the new, where we import them. But the fine ladies here manage, nevertheless, to keep up a distinction between themselves and their underlings; for here a mistress will not allow her servant to have a parasol, nor to wear silks,—for they cost so little, that she could get them quite readily, but then she might eclipse the fine lady! Now the inability to play this little tyranny in the United States, creates a world of trouble among my fair country women. Is not this the reason why they have so many fashions, and change dresses so often? I know that the eye that only regards dress, will be puzzled with us, on a Sabbath, to distinguish *the* lady from the lady's waiting maid;—and is it not this sad confusion of flounces that makes them often indignant at vulgar audacity? By the way, every body shou'd dress as he, she, or *it*, chooses, in such a country as ours, following no European fashions, as they are almost always invented on this side of the water, to conceal some deformity; and then *the manner* wou'd soon let one know who or what the other is.

But to return. The Queen went home, when the play was about two thirds over. The people applauded, and she bowed again and again from her box. What an odd state of civilization! But the thickness of a board from her and her suite, were females in the lowest state of female degradation!—a sad confusion this of the high and low! How strange a spectacle, to the eye of a republican, who was reared in a republican country, is that of a crowded theatre, where all are watching earnestly at every turn of the play, every movement of one woman only, distinguished in nothing but that she is a Queen. Alas! John Bull will, I fear, if he ever sees any of my lucubrations, think that I am very green in the ways of the world—but I cannot help it. These things look as oddly to me, as our New Year s levees at the President's House do to him. I do not understand how one man or one woman is *born* to be better than another, and to have a higher rank as long as he or she lives, with the power to transfer it to his or her children. That one man can MAKE himself better than another, I can very readily understand. Indeed I would not live in this London, unless I was the King,—for no man has any objection to having power,—the people who surrender more than is necessary of it, are the only *dolts*;—or at least Rothschild, with money enough to drive eight horses abreast, and put half of London in satin and lace, with gold fringes for a livery. For to have rank 'by the grace of God,' or money enough, to use it as you please, is very necessary in this strange structure of society where no one man *is born* in as good a condition of life as some other—the King except,—and where to be any thing, without infinite difficu ty, you must be BORN *to be it*. I must to l you, John Bull, it is a very comfortable thing to come into this world, fee ing that in our own veins runs as much 'noble-blood' as in those of the first man in the government. There is no fret and irritation then about society, all one's life. This odd structure of your society, is the reason why so many of you commit suicide. It is horrid to feel all one's days, that the dolt was *born* to be, in spite of every thing, a Duke, an Earl, or so,—and that you must ever be plodding under him. To get rid of the reflection, you shoot yourselves by squadrons. Is it not so, John?—Come, hold up your head, and answer to Brother Jonathan.

'A cat,' says the proverb (is it?) may gaze upon the King'—and therefore concluding that a stray Republican might be allowed this liberty,—it costing a little too much of negotiation, a form and fuss to be presented at Court,—and Mr. Vail having had a hint as I have been told, though I do not know not even *him* as yet, though my good friends in Washington and New York have given me letters to him, which really it is not kind to use, such a crowd of Americans now rush over here, and thus here a cheap salaried secretary to death—yes, Mr. Vail having had a hint that he threat a little too many of us no-titled Republicans before Royalty—I thought I must see the King at Woolwich, at a review there,—for the first question that might be put after my return home might be, "Did you see the King."—for I am sorry to say that my countrymen, though no very great lovers of kings with that *name*, love sees in p [illegible]

ANNUALS FOR 1836.

FISHER'S *Drawing Room Scrap Book*. With Poetical Illustrations by L. E. L. With thirty-six engravings.

Friendship's Offering, and Winter's Wreath, with eleven engravings.

Forget-Me-Not, edited by Frederick Shoberl, containing eleven engravings.

The Gift, edited by Miss Leslie, with nine engravings.

The Token and Atlantic Souvenir, edited by S. G. Goodrich, with twelve engravings.

The Religious Souvenir, edited by Chauncey Cotton, D. D. President of Bristol College, Penn. With eight engravings.

The Pearl, or Affection's Gift, with seven engravings.

The Magnolia, edited by Henry W. Herbert, with thirteen engravings.

Also, a variety of other valuable Books, in rich arabesque, calf and morocco binding, for Christmas, Birthday and New Year's presents.

New Annuals received as soon as published by

MARSH, CAPEN & LYON,
nov 7 133 Washington-st.

BALANCE MANUFACTORY.

PATENT BALANCES and Scale Beams manufactured in the best manner, and warranted equal to any of the kind, manufactured and for sale, wholesale or retail, on the most reasonable terms, at the Manufactory, No. 3 Fulton street, near Clinton street, Boston, by LYMAN LOCKE.

N. B. All Balances repaired at short notice, and warranted. 1y may 2

Compound Syrup ICELAND MOSS.

FOR the cure of Colds, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Spitting of Blood, and Consumption.

ICELAND MOSS grows plentifully in the Island of Iceland, from whence it takes its name, and in all the high northern latitudes of Europe and Asia, where its Medicinal qualities have been long known and highly appreciated. This plant contains a larger proportion of VEGETABLE MUCILAGE than any other known substance; and in combination with it is a bitter principle, which acts most beneficially in giving strength in cases of great weakness and debility of the lungs.

The knowledge of many of our most valuable medicines, for the cure of diseases, has been obtained from observing their effect on brute animals—so is this most invaluable Moss. Its virtues were discovered by their effects on a HARDY, LONG-LIVED and sagacious REINDEER, which derives its principal nourishment from the Iceland Moss, and whose milk becomes so highly imbued with its Balsamic virtues, that it is used with the greatest confidence as a sovereign remedy, by the inhabitants of all those countries, for the cure of all diseases o the Breast and Lungs.

In France, this compound has long been known and extensively used; and to its salutary effects, as much as to the salubrity of the climate, is probably owing the very small number of fatal cases of consumption in that country, compared with Great Britain and the United States. This Syrup contains all the medicinal virtues of the Moss, in the most concentrated form, and is prepared from the original recipe from Paris, only by

E. HUTCHINGS & CO., Baltimore.

And none is genuine unless it has their fac-simile upon each bill of direction—also upon the envelope, and sealed with their seal.

The above article may be obtained of PALMER JONES & BLAKE, American House, 44, Hanover street. june 20

BURNS AND SCALDS

A POSITIVE CURE.

ANTI-PHLOGISTIC PASTE, for Burns and Scalds, Erysipelas and Phlegmonous Inflammation, St Anthony's Fire, Erythema, Shingles, Stings and Bites of Insects, Inflamed Blisters, Vegetable Poisons, Chapped Hands, &c. Fever Sores, (Necrosis) Biles, Inflamed Breasts, Whitlow, Abscesses, Carbuncles Gangrene, &c. &c. &c. Sore Legs, Ulcers of every description, Schirrous Tumors and Glands, Bruises and Sprains: Fractures, Contused and Lacerated Wounds: every grade of Gunshot Wounds. It is sure to give immediate relief, and a healthy action to the living parts, and we can hardly conceive of a fracture or wound so bad as to cause death or need amputation, if the Paste be timely and properly applied. All inflammations of a specific character, as Scrofulous Tumors, Glands, Ulcers and Abcesses; White Swellings and Inflamed Joints from any cause.

Scrofulous Humors, and every other species of Eruption, as Salt Rheum, Herpes, Scalded Head, Ringworm, Pimpled Face, and Blotches. It is a specific for the Piles, giving immediate relief. Local Syphillitic Inflammation it is sure to remove, and prevent suppuration in the worst cases.

In all the above diseases the Paste has but one action, which is the removal of heat, pain, swelling and more or less of fever when this is done, nature soon finishes the cure, or the diseased parts become well simultaneously. It needs no certificates; use it, and you will know more of it than can be told you.

Sold wholesale and retail by TROTT & CO, 128 State street, Boston, and by Druggists in the city generally.—Also, by Asa B. Foster, Weston, (Vt) and A. & T. Hall, Keene, (N. H.) B. F. Brown, Salem, (Mass) J. R. Wadsworth, Providence, (R. I.) J. Hubbard, Lowell, (Mass,) John H. Wheeler, Dover, (N. H.) dec 13

CORRECTED PROOFS.

UNDER the above title, it is proposed to publish in one volume, a selection from the Miscellaneous Writings of the Subscriber, embracing such *Tales, Sketches, Essays, &c.*, as he deems most worthy of collection, revision and republication; confining the standard of comparison altogether to his own writings.

It will be handsomely printed on fine paper, and neatly bound in cambric, *Terms*, Cash on the delivery of the book. *Price*, to persons ordering one copy, one dollar; to those ordering more, and to the Trade, the trade deduction. It will be put to press, when orders are received to warrant the undertaking, and determine the number of the edition.

H. HASTINGS WELD.

*** Subscriptions received by E. R. BROADERS, 127 Washington Street, at this Office, and at the Office of the BOSTON PEARL, No 19 Water Street. q sep 12

REAL ESTATE.

RARE CHANCE FOR GOOD INVESTMENT. The New England Glass Bottle Company offer for sale, all their Real Estate, situated in East Cambridge, consisting of about 25,000 square feet of land, with all the buildings thereon, viz—glass house 2 store-houses, pottery, 4 shops, stables, &c. A most eligible situation for the manufacture of Glass, or any heavy articles, being situated on tide water, and accessible by vessels of 150 or 200 tons burthen, with a canal running nearly the whole length of the premises. For the purpose of the concern, the above will be sold so as to make it a safe investment even for speculation. Inquire of RALPH SMITH, Agent for said Company, No. 118, State street, Boston. april 25

RICH ENGRAVINGS.

THIS DAY received by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street.

A large variety of most beautiful Prints, most of which are entirely new, being recently imported from France consisting of Historical, Scripture, Landscape and fancy Engravings, Portraits of distinguished literary men, &c Some of which are—Jane Grey; Anne Bollen; The Deluge; The downfall of Babylon; The Crucifixion; The three Marys; Christ in the Garden; Village subjects; Anxiety and Repose; The four Seasons; The five senses; The Prediction; The Beloved; The Forsaken; Bishop Cheverus; Lord Brougham; Prince de Talleyrand; Rossina, &c. &c. august 29

TO THE AFFLICTED!

DR. T. BELL has removed from his former residence to 45 South Russell Street, corner of May street, and tenders his services to the public. Having been forty years in the practice of physic both in Europe and America, he flatters himself of being able to give general satisfaction. For the last fifteen years he has adopted the vegetable medicine system—the advantages this system possesses over every other is sufficiently tested in every section of the Union. He will undertake the following disorders where there is a prospect of cure, viz: cancers, asthma, coughs of ever so long standing, scrofula, ulcers from whatever cause, &c. Also—liver complaints, diarrhoea, piles, worms, and jaundice.

N. B.—Also, a certain complaint, (in most cases without the use of mercury) People of either sex may be introduced to the Doctor without seeing each other, and at the same time may rely upon secrecy and honor.

At the same place may be had the following medicines, and no where else—Bell's Eye Water, for weak or weeping eyes, an excellent article. 2s per vial—Tooth Paste, an invaluable article for preserving the enamel of the teeth, 2s per box—also, his Bilious Pills, that cannot be surpassed, and create no griping what ever, 3s per box. 6w sept 26

BULBOUS FLOWER ROOTS

HOVEY & CO. Horticultural Seed Warehouse, 79 and 81 Cornhill, have just received, in the Galliot Venilia, from Rotterdam, a fine assortment of Summer Bulbs; consisting of Tuberoses, Amaryllis Formosissima, Gadiolus Natalcusis, Tigridia Conchiflora &c. june 20

DISSOLUTION.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of PARKER & COREY, is by mutual consent dissolved. H. D PARKER is duly authorized to settle the affairs of the late firm.

H. D. PARKER would also give notice that he has associated with him FRANKLIN WHITNEY, as a partner after this date. The business will be continued under the firm of PARKER & WHITNEY. aug 1

PRICE REDUCED

VEGETABLE EXTRACT.—This is the most valuable remedy yet discovered for the cure of Throat Distemper, or Malignant, Putrid, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Scarlet Fever, Canker Rash, Canker in the Mouth, Throat and Bowels, Diarrhea, Dysentary, Sore Mouth of nursing women, and Acid Humors of Teething Children; in short, for almost all the affections of the Mucus membrane of the mouth, throat and alimentary canal.—These diseases are acknowledged by all physicians to be of the most severe and obstinate character, and have long baffled their skill and research. The discovery therefore of an effectual remedy for them, particularly for the various forms of Scarlet Fever, must be considered by every true philanthropist as an invaluable desideratum. As a common and perfectly safe family medicine, it will be found of inestimable value in cases of common sore throats and colds—disordered state of the stomach and bowels—such as habitual costiveness, indigestion, flatulency, nausea and vomiting. Also, in cases of weakness arising from fever and all debilitating diseases, such as consumption, &c.; it will be found very beneficial as a cathartic and alterative, as it neither causes debility, nor does it, as is the case with the operation of most medicine, so readily dispose one to take cold

The *Vegetable Extract* has now been sometime before the public, and its great powers justly tested. Hundreds of individuals have successfully tried it, and several eminent physicians are in the almost daily use of it in their practice, who are truly astonished at its great curative qualities, and are ready to give their testimony in favor of its efficiency and power. There now remains but one obstacle in the way of its very general use, and that is the price. The proprietors, being desirous to obviate this difficulty, have therefore determined to reduce the price to 62 1-2 cents per bottle, for one year, which barely remunerates for the great expense of preparing the article; this will bring it within the means of every person, so that no one need suffer for the want of it; and the poor man be able to obtain it for himself and family, was ell as the rich

N. B.—Should any one still feel scrupulous of what is here stated, relative to the Vegetable Extract, and will call on one of the proprietors, No. 118 State street, Boston, besides the recommendations which will accompany each bottle, other abundant and most satisfactory evidence will be exhibited respecting it.

For sale wholesale and retail by one of the Proprietors and General Agent. RALPH SMITH, 118 State street. Sold also by Maynard & Noyes, 13 and 15 Cornhill; William Brown, 431 Washington street; Pearson & Rowland, 186 Washington street; Brewer & Brothers, 90 Washington street; J. P. Hall, 1 Union st; E. S. Holden, corner of Chesnut st; James Fowle, corner of Green and Leverett st; C. Holbrook, 18 Leverett st; J. L. Moffat, corner of Chamber and Poplar st; D. Henchman, 41 Cambridge st; F. Plummer, 118 State st; C. French, 131 Hanover st; A. Boyden, 24 Hancock st; R. A. Newell, corner of Summer and South st; J. F. Elliot, 81 Hanover st; S. W. Fowle, 33 Prince st; J. P. Whitwell, corner of Milk and Bath st; J. P. Preston, corner of Federal and Williams st. may 2

BROADCLOTHS.

NEW AND FASHIONABLE BROADCLOTHS AND CASSIMERES; LADIES' CLOTHS; LAMAS; ERMINETTS; ANGOLAS; DRILLINGS; CAMLETS, JEANS, &c

For sale at JOHN H. PRAY'S *variety Cloth Store, No. 48 Washington street.*

THE above advertised, comprises one of the largest assortments of seasonable and *fashionable* Cloths and Cassimeres, of French, English, German and American manufacture, to be found in the city: and a great variety of Worsted, Silk, Linen and Cotton spring and summer Stuffs; together with fashionable Silk, Marseilles, Valentia and Velvet Vestings; Brown, Black & Bleached Linens; Brown and Bleached Cottons; Padding; Canvas; Silk, Twist, Thread, Buttons, &c.

This Stock deserves an examination by purchasers who are invited to call, and are assured that prices shall average as low as can be named for the like articles, by any others in Boston. 6m may 2

ACCORDIONS,

WITH SEMITONES.

AMONG the lot received to-day, are a few with this desirable addition. For sale by

JOSEPH L. BATES,
march 21 6 Court street near Washington st.

MULBERRY MERINOS.

A FEW pc Mulberry, Brown, Olive and Green, very dark and desirable shades, just received and for sale by E. F. NEWHALL,
129 Washington street.

MAN'S GREATEST AND

—BEST EARTHLY TREASURE—

HEALTH PRESERVED—OR LOST—RESTORED.

SEARS'S AMERICAN HYGEIAE VEGETABLE RENOVATING PILLS, are now offered for the benefit of the public, by the Author, under an honest persuasion, that the certificates of their efficacy and effects; and the references and testimony respecting his own reputation and character, will secure for them public confidence. They have been the result of much research and experiment, occasioned by unusual suffering, from Dyspepsia and a diseased liver for 30 years. During a considerable part of this period, it has been to me an object of anxious solicitude, to discover some preparation of medicine better calculated to relieve me of my sufferings, than any I had heretofore used. And after many experiments in Materia Medica; and, among the vegetables of our country, I have succeeded in preparing a medicine, purely and entirely vegetable, which does in an eminent degree, answer that important and desirable object. Their effect is to excite and sustain a natural peristalic action in the stomach and intestines and to produce a discharge from them of all the morbid, and bilious matter which they contain; and also to remov biliary obstructions, and promote and sustain the natural secretions of the liver. Hence they are peculiarly efficacious in curing all diseases, originating from a disordered state of the stomach and bowels: such as Indigestion, Costiveness, Bilious Cholic, Nervous and Sick Headache, Hypocondria, Yellow and Black Jaundice, Cholera Morbus, Cutaneous Eruptions, Erysipelas, Heartburn, Sourness of Stomach, and General Debility Their efficacy has been fairly and abundantly tested by my own experience and that of many others. They may, with perfect safety, be taken by both sexes, of all ages, in cases of indisposition; and they are peculiarly effectual in liver complaints. In offering them to the public, I pledge my reputation and character, that a perfect trial of their effects will satisfy them of their superior excellency. In regard to my reputation and character, I have permission to refer to the Right Rev. Bishop Onderdonk and the Rev. Dr Spring, of New York; and I would also present the two following certificates from the Hon John W. Taylor, and the Hon. Judge S. Young, of Ballston Spa, whose characters are well known to the public.

"I certify that I have been well acquainted with William Sears, now of the village of Ballston Spa, for more than thirty years. He has through life maintained a fair reputation. His character for truth and general integrity stands high. Indeed I have never heard it impeached.

JOHN W. TAYLOR.

Ballston Spa, Oct. 6th, 1834."

"I have known Mr William Sears for more than thirty years, having resided most of that time in the same town with him, and during that period he has sustained a character without reproach. S. YOUNG.

Oct. 8, 1834."

Extract from a certificate of Mr James Comstock, editor of the Ballston Spa Gazette—"For several years past Mrs. Comstock has been afflicted with an unusually obstinate Dyspepsia, attended with a great degree of acidity of the stomach, and redundancy of bile. For several months past she has taken Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, and has experienced more benefit from them than she has ever received from any medicine. I can with confidence recommend them to the public.

JAS. COMSTOCK."

Extract from a certificate of Mrs Powel, wife of the Hon. Judge Powel, of Saratoga county.—"For many years past I have been afflicted with the symptoms of a liver complaint, which have frequently been attended with a pain in my side, so severe as to confine me. About three months since I commenced taking Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, which have greatly relieved me, and rendered unnecessary the use of any other medicine. I do highly esteem them, and recommend them to all who are afflicted as I have been, with a liver complaint.

ANN POWEL.

Milton, Oct. 3, 1834."

For sale by Messrs. HENSHAW & CO. Druggists, Boston—where circulars, giving a more general description of them, will be distributed gratis.

april 18 1y

DRAWING MATERIALS.

JAMES W. BURDITT, Franklin Head, No. 27 Court street, has received by the ship Canton, and other arrivals from London, a variety of articles for Drawing, and among them are the following:

Dobbs & Co's refined black lead and chalk Pencils, of various degrees of hardness and shade: Drawing Paper, from the size of 15 by 20 to 31 by 52 inches; Ivories, for miniatures; sable and camels hair Pencils: Reeves' Water Colors; Crayons; steel and brass Port-Crayons; Tracing Paper; earthen Slabs and Paletta: China Saucers; black cases of Saucers; Bow Compasses and Bow Pens; steel Drawing Pens; ivory and box wood Scales; Swan Quills and large Goose Hair Pencils; India Ink Parallel Rules; London Board, &c. &c. june 6

STRAW CARPETINGS,

AT A REDUCED PRICE.

100 PIECES Straw Carpetings, received this day, of a superior quality, for sale at a very reduced price by ELIAB STONE BREWER,
july 25 414 Washington street.

MOROCCO WORK.

FOR SALE at MARSH'S, No. 77, Washington-st. (Joy's building) the largest assortment of Morocco Goods to be found in the city—among the variety are some very splendid Port Folios, with and without locks. Also, Writing Cases, Bankers' Cases, Trunk Books, &c. april 4

INDEX RERUM.

INDEX on Subjects intended as a Manual to aid the Student and the Professional Man, in preparing himself for usefulness, with an introduction illustrating its utility and method of use. By Rev John Todd. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. 2w sept 1

INDIA RUBBER WATER PROOF CLOTH WAREHOUSE.

NO 52 WATER STREET—MERCHANTS' HALL, BOSTON.

THE Proprietors of the Boston and Lynn INDIA RUBBER FACTORY, are now ready to contract and furnish any quantity of the *Coated India Rubber Cotton Cloth*, of a superior quality, adapted to many useful purposes. Such as Carriage, Gig and Wagon Tops, Side Curtains and Boots, being more flexible and durable than any painted Canvass; Covering for Gun Powder Casks, Hat and Band-Boxes, Baggage Coverings for Stage Coaches, Hydrostatic Beds, Sick Bed Sheets Stomach Bags for Hot Water, Injection Bags, Air Beds, Pillows and Cushions, &c. &c.

MANUFACTURED ARTICLES

Kept constantly for sale; Outside Coats; Pantaloons Caps with Capes; Large Circular Spanish Capes Swimming Belts; Life Preservers; Air Cushions: Hot Water Cushions for the stomach or feet; Improved Pantaloon Straps.

Garments from the *INDIA RUBBER CLOTH* are made up without sewing, which prevents all needleholes and have been proved by Pilots and seafaring men to be impervious to Air, or Water; always dry and ready to put on.

There will be a constant supply of these Goods from the Factory, of a quality surpassed by none.

Orders are solicited for any article manufactured from India Rubber Cloth.

Samples can be examined as above.

☞ Address C. C. NICHOLS & CO.
august 9 tf

CURE FOR JAUNDICE,

INDIGESTION, &c. &c.

The cleansing, purifying Vegetable Panacea, long known as Dennison's Bitters, or the great antibilious corrective. Under the patronage of the first physicians in Europe and America, yield all their qualities to boiling water.

THIS long established article is exactly what it purports to be, one of the best medicines in the world for these complaints. It is of legitimate origin, emanating from the great Dr. Lettsom of London, and their good qualities have been tested for more than a quarter of a century. A long list of certificates were originally appended, but from the great space occupied, with one or two exceptions, they have of late years been omitted.—The following diseases, mostly proceeding from the same cause, are greatly relieved if not entirely cured by this medicine, viz.

Jaundice, Indigestion, Worms, Loss of Appetite Weakness of the Stomach, Cholic, Costiveness, Flatulence, Headache, Strangury, Dropsy, Dysentery and all impurities of the blood.

Different kinds of Trusses.

Salmon's Brevet pad in ball and socket. Plain and Bellows pad do. Kite pad, English improved Truss, patronised and approved by one of our first physicians.—Common English do. Hull's do. Stone's do. Shaker's do. French do. india rubber pad, made in Philadelphia. Marsh's N. Y. do. Improvement on Hull's. Umbilical do. Children's do. all sizes. Double do. for double ruptures. Bateman's improved do. &c. &c.

Also—Foreign Leeches, and Watts' Lucifer Matches, (large) 12 1-2 cts box, $1 per doz.

Apply to J. P. WHITWELL, Druggist, corner of Milk and Bath street. 6m april 25

WATCHES & JEWELRY.

THE Subscriber offers for sale, at No 13 Court st. a fresh stock of Gold and Silver Lever, Anchor and Escapement, Lepine, and common English, French and German Watches; French and German Mantel Clocks; gold and silver Spectacles; Jewelry and Fancy Goods; at prices, at least as low as can be found in the city.

Personal and careful attention given to the repairing of the most delicate and complicated, and also the more common Watches; Clocks of every description repaired, and on application immediately attended to at any part of the city, by an experienced workman.

june 13 3m WM. H. KEITH.

FOR THE DEAF.

THE Boston and Lynn India Rubber Co. have manufactured and offer for sale, an India Rubber Elastic Ear Trumpet, of an entirely new construction, by means of which persons not entirely deaf are enabled to hear with perfect distinctness the ordinary tones of the voice in conversation.

They are perfectly portable, of an elegant finish, and have been pronounced by persons who have used them superior to anything of the kind in use.

For sale at the Co's Warehouse, No. 52, Water st.

DR. J. K. PALMER'S

Compound Fluid Extract of SARSAPARILLA AND CUBEBS.

For removing Diseases which are caused by an impure state of the blood—Syphilitic, Scrofulous, and Rheumatic Affections, Excessive use of Mercury—also for Gleet, Leucorrhœa, &c.

THIS article is now prescribed by some of the most distinguished Physicians, who have given it the preference to any other preparation of Sarsaparilla yet offered to the public.

The use of Sarsaparilla as an alterant and tonic medicine, is becoming more and more extensive; and although many forms are given and recommended for preparing this root for the patient, few, if any of them, contain a sufficient quantity of the virtues of Sarsaparilla to produce any medicinal effect. This is owing principally to two causes—either the bad quality of the Sarsaparilla, or the imperfect manner in which it is prepared. It is a desirable object that there should be some standard preparation of uniform strenght, possessing all the virtues of this root in the most convenient form for immediate use.

From experiments which I have made, it appears that Sarsaparilla requires much boiling and at a high temperature, to extract all its virtues. I have caused an apparatus to be so constructed that the steam is partially compressed, and the temperature raised much higher than can be done in an ordinary boiler. This enables me to prepare a Fluid Extract which contains all the virtues of the best Spanish Sarsaparilla in a concentrated and convenient form, each bottle containing the virtues of a pound of the root, combined with Mezereon